

**RIGHT
HERE
AT
HOME**

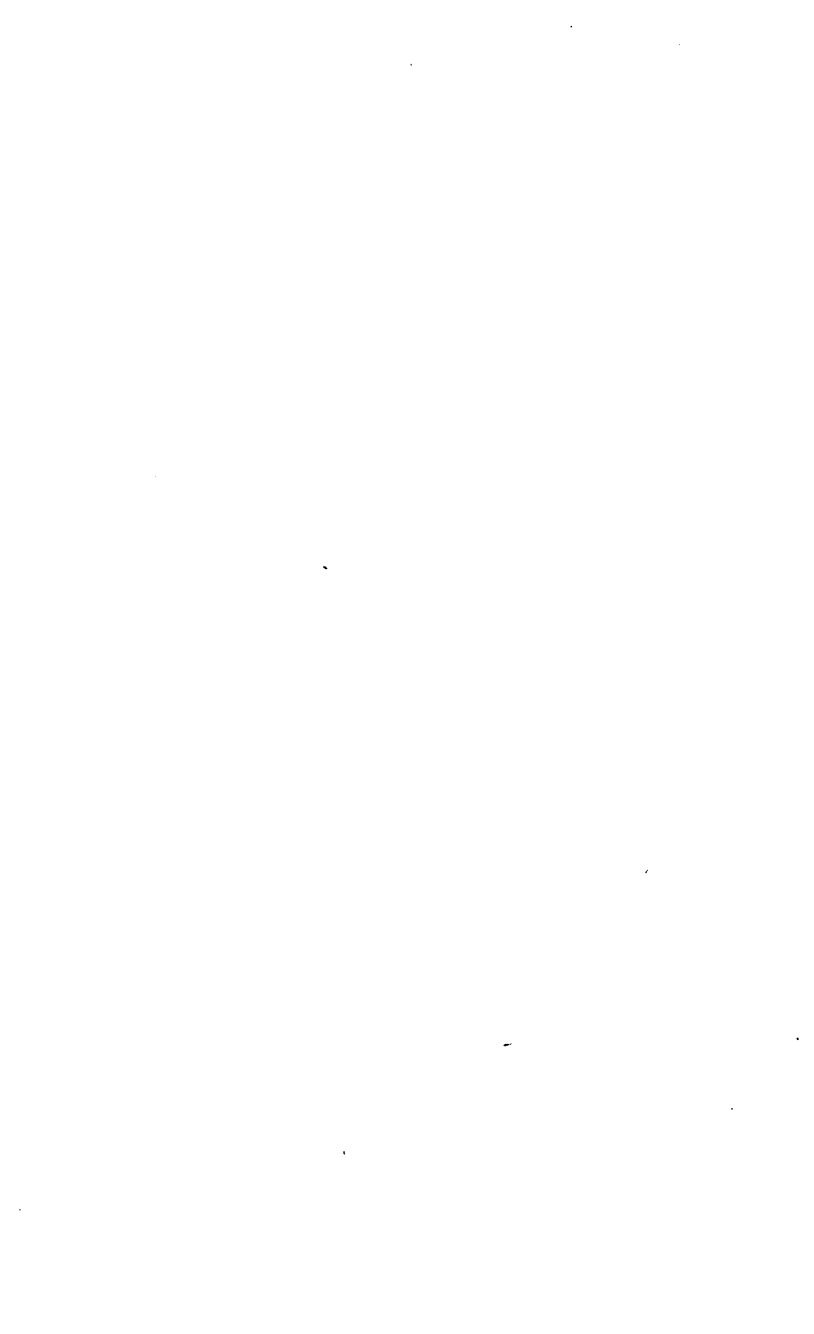
FRANK S. MEAD

The University of Chicago
Libraries



GIFT OF

Journal of Religion



Right Here at Home



RIGHT HERE AT HOME

by

FRANK S. MEAD

Author of "See These Banners Go"

"The March of Eleven Men," etc.



FRIENDSHIP PRESS

NEW YORK

BV2765
.M48

FRANK S. MEAD is a native of New Jersey, where he received his elementary and high school training. He obtained his A.B. degree from the University of Denver in 1922 and studied the following year at the Episcopal Theological Seminary of Virginia. In 1923 he became assistant secretary in charge of foreign-born men at the Twenty-Third Street Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City. He remained there a year before going as assistant pastor to the Reformed Church of Harlem, where he specialized in young people's work. Meanwhile, he was studying at Union Theological Seminary in New York City, and in 1927 received his B.D. degree. This same year he accepted an appointment to Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Newark, New Jersey, leaving there three years later to become pastor of the Kearney, New Jersey, church. Mr. Mead has been editor of *The Homiletic Review*, and at present is on the editorial staff of *The Christian Herald*. He is the author of *The March of Eleven Men*, *250 Bible Biographies*, *See These Banners Go*, and *The Ten Decisive Battles of Christianity*.



COPYRIGHT, 1939, BY FRIENDSHIP PRESS, INC.
Printed in the United States of America

Gift of Journal of Religion

To
THE HOME MISSIONARY

*flying shuttle of God who, right here
at home and therefore all too often
unnoticed and unhonored, is weaving
into the somber pattern of the hour
the brighter colors of that Christian
love and brotherhood upon which the
peace and destiny of the nation and
the world depend.*

Contents

<i>I: The March Begins</i>	3
<i>II: Metropolis</i>	10
<i>III: The Crossroads</i>	29
<i>IV: Forgotten Americans</i>	47
<i>V: God's Image in Black</i>	62
<i>VI: God's Image in Red</i>	80
<i>VII: North of the Rio Grande</i>	97
<i>VIII: East Meets West</i>	110
<i>IX: The Outposts</i>	123
<i>X: The World of Work</i>	141
<i>XI: The March Goes On</i>	162
<i>Reading List</i>	179

Right Here at Home

I: The March Begins

THE banks of the river swarmed with Indians. Shouting, yelling Indians were running everywhere, axes and tomahawks in their hands, hacking at the trees and throwing rocks into the water. If a Puritan soldier of the near-by town of Natick, Massachusetts, had crept up through the forest and found them, he would have rushed back to his fellow settlers with the news that the Indians were on the warpath and getting ready for another massacre. But the red men had no war paint on their faces. They were cutting down trees and clearing the land of rock to build themselves a town like the ones the Puritans lived in. A town of log houses, with orderly streets, a schoolhouse, and a blockhouse in the center. It was one of the rarest sights in all the history of old New England.

On a hill, directing them, stood a straight, stern Puritan gentleman. This was Mr. John Eliot, known through the colony as a fearless Christian minister who loved the red man as well as the white. He was a strange sight, there on that hill. He had been educated at Cambridge; he might have been standing in the

pulpit of some rich old English church, but he chose to be here in the midst of a wilderness. In him was a great dream. He dreamed that these Indians were the children of God; he dreamed that he could make them Christians; he believed that he could better their condition and make life in the colonies more peaceful by working with them. They liked him. They built a room for his use in the schoolhouse.

He helped them construct a bridge eighty feet long across the Charles River; this was the first piece of modern construction ever attempted by any American Indian. He gave them their first log houses. He stood beside their council fires and preached to them the first Christian sermons they had ever heard. He translated the Bible into their native tongue. It was the first Bible and the first book to be printed in America; a copy of it is now in the library of Jesus College, Cambridge. He supervised the building of a brick structure in the new colony; it was called the Indian College.

He sent "praying Indians" into the hidden villages of the tribes. He sowed a spirit of peace and understanding between Indians and Englishmen that might have prevented many a massacre had the white men loved their red brothers as much as he did. But they didn't, and war piled on war and John Eliot, the first American home missionary, died, broken-hearted, at

the age of ninety-three. Some time after he died, Cotton Mather wrote: "We had a tradition that the country could never perish so long as John Eliot lived."

So long as John Eliot lived! Something in John Eliot lived on and on; it never died. His spirit has marched on, down across the years, to us. He had started something; his faith in the goodness of men crept into those who followed him—into the hardy pioneers who conquered the wilderness and built this country. The nation has made many mistakes; we Americans have done things we are not proud of. But we have reached our noblest heights when we have been most loyal to the faith and the dreams that were in John Eliot.

More ministers came after he passed on; they too preached to the Indians as well as to the whites. They built their little log cabin churches and schools from Maine to Florida. They rode unbelievable miles along the new frontier, suffered unbelievable hardships, stood for righteousness and fought to establish Christ in every crude town and settlement. Missionaries from many denominations went wherever new cabins were being built closer to the edge of the primeval forest, sending up their spirals of chimney smoke like prayers for safety to God. They even established colleges; one in New Hampshire was known as Dartmouth College, built to educate the Indians!

With the Revolution fought and won, the cry was soon "Wagons West!" With the wagon trains and sometimes ahead of them rode the missionary. One of them, Manasseh Cutler, took over 1,500,000 acres of land along the Ohio River, and planned to settle it with veterans of the Revolutionary War; he consecrated the territory in the name of Jesus Christ before the first veteran arrived. With the war of 1812 fought and won, other settlers headed West, driving the Indians before them. The Cherokee suffered more than the rest; he and his women and children were driven from their land into the bitter forests, and scores of them died and left their bones to whiten the awful road. And many an American missionary protested so hard against this merciless injustice that his white brothers clapped him into jail. When the Cherokee settled down again, the missionary followed him; the white preachers gave that nation a new civilization.

In the course of time came Jason Lee and Marcus Whitman, who took the first wagon trains across the Rockies and who played a thrilling part in helping to bring Oregon into the Union. Whitman, oddly enough, was sent out there by the American Board of Commissioners for *Foreign* Missions. They and their associates had two great dreams: that this land should be forever American, and that on it some day should grow a great Christian commonwealth.

Now when these marchers reached the Pacific, it looked as though their work were done. They could go no further. There was no frontier beyond that. They could sit down and rest, for their job was done. But was it? Is the work of the church and the missionary ever done? Can we ever sit down and rest? These men couldn't. They did not stop because they came to an ocean. They went on across.

Even before they reached California and Oregon, other missionaries were crossing oceans, backtracking across the seven seas, en route for Africa, India, Siam, Hawaii, China, Japan. They were not satisfied with making America Christian. America was only one part of the world, and they saw the whole world as the parish of God. All men everywhere must see the cross. For this Christianity is either international or it is nothing.

The march is still on. The world mission is being carried forward by Christians of many nations and races. But in this book we are taking a closer look at our own country to see what modern missionaries are doing right here at home. For instance, an ex-bandit out of the army of Pancho Villa walks hungry and friendless down a California street; he wanders into a little mission church and gets a meal and a new view of life and goes out to minister to a Mexican colony in California that is the despair of the policeman and

the social worker. A Japanese liquor agent in Hawaii strolls into another mission chapel, kneels to pray, gets up to turn his back on liquor peddling and to become the head of united Methodism in Japan.

A Chinese boy sits through his teens in a West Coast Sunday school; years later he is a Christian consul-general in China, and chairman of China's Committee on International Relationships.

An Italian boy and a Spanish boy stage a fist fight in a crowded city street, arguing over who's right and who's wrong in Spain; an unknown minister of an unknown mission takes them into his church gym to finish it with boxing gloves, then sits down to talk it out with them and convinces both that they are wrong; the next week they are playing basketball on the church team. A Communist and a capitalist stand on a platform at Labor Temple and argue their cases; it is one of the few platforms open to both in a city of seven million people. Negro boys and white boys sit around a table in a church discussing the liveliest question in the world—race prejudice. The baby of a sharecropper family in the South is nearly dead of undernourishment; in the nick of time a home missionary nurse arrives with milk and clothes for the baby and encouragement for a mother and father who had nearly given up.

All this is happening right here at home—right on

our own doorstep. All this is part of the church's concern with people's welfare. It is a part of the precious ointment of human lives being poured out to make America Christian while the foreign missionary and the younger churches he has planted are making India or China or Africa Christian. The march hasn't stopped, here in America. There are a thousand or more home mission projects in the field as we write; would that we had space to describe them all. We haven't. A mere list of them would fill another book. They are at work from Nome to Puerto Rico, in the country, in the mountains of the South, in the teeming, toiling, sick and crime-producing cities. . . .

Suppose we look at the city first. . . .

II: Metropolis

THE city is a mad mosaic, part miracle and part monstrosity. Viewed from a far hill at night, you think it a fairyland of twinkling lights, magic, ethereal. Viewed from the slum alley, with flying dirt in your eyes, refuse under your feet and the bedlam of the tenement in your ears, you cry, "Horrible!"

Since 1910 all roads in America have led to the city; everybody wants to get to town. Half of America lives there, loving it or hating it but staying there, working there, dying there. Half of the nation lives in a heap, in pigeonhole offices and apartment houses piled one on top of the other. It is a case of every man for himself; a firm goes bankrupt and out of business and nobody bothers to question when another firm moves in. The apartment dweller meets the biblical challenge, "And who is my neighbor?" with "I don't have time to find out."

Who lives in the city? Jews, Irish, British, Germans, Scandinavians and Greeks. Lutherans, Methodists, Baptists, Buddhists, New Thoughtists, Father Divine's "angels." Doctors, lawyers, merchants, thieves. White, brown, yellow, black.

They fare variously. Some try and give up quickly. Some die fighting. Carl Sandburg has a poem about a young mother who moved into a slum and hung clean white curtains in her windows. Curtains "clean as the prayers of Jesus," he calls them, "here in the faded ramshackle. . . ." It was a pitiful gesture. "Dust and the thundering trucks won. . . . The barrages of the street wheels and the lawless wind took their way . . . Was it five weeks or six that the little mother, the new neighbor, battled and then took away the white prayers in the windows?"

To some, it is like that. The odds are heavy against them. In New York City alone in 1937 there were 500,000 families living in slums; 700,000 jobless; 1,000,000 victims of venereal disease; 7,000 children arrested; 5,000 cases of neglected children brought into court; 1,163 suicides; 1,200,000 children untaught in any religion; 5,000,000 people unassociated with any Christian church.

But there is a bright side to the city. Some win! Some don't give up. They discover that out of the cornucopia of the metropolis pour good fruits as well as bad. They learn that the city has a soul. They seize the good fruits; they toil upward in the night while others go to the movies. They go to school. They go to church.

Church! The church is still in the city, still part of

its life. Skyscrapers, industries, merchant princes have come and gone, but even yet in the centers of trade and business is the meetinghouse of the Christians, its steeple lifting the eyes of men from dollars to God. Uptown, downtown, across the tracks, out on the boulevard—anywhere in the city, you come on a church. Churches with skyscrapers built over and around them. One-room churches in the middle of a tenement block. Dusty, deserted, despairing, “the-community-has-changed-and-ruined-us” churches on side streets, completely surrounded with new business houses, their people scattered. Churches once housing congregations of old American stock, now ministering to German, Czech, Italian, Spanish groups, as the neighborhood has changed. Churches that are Protestant islands completely surrounded by Roman Catholic populations. Institutional churches, with gyms, clinics, manual training schools, stages for folk dances, chapels adapted for the services of various language groups. Seamen’s homes. Salvation Army bands and speakers appealing to men and women on the sidewalks.

Perhaps Christ weeps over the city now as he wept over Jerusalem. There is much to weep about. But it is better to think of him not as one poet has it, leaning against a wall and crying for Calvary, but as that unknown poet in the British *St. Martin’s Review* puts it:

But still he watches them surging by, with their laughter
and bitter scorn,
For long ago in Bethlehem in an inn a child was born.
He was couched on straw in a stable-yard and toiled for
his daily bread,
And today he keeps the Inn of God where all men may
be fed.

Lest we forget it, Christ did more than weep over
the city; he came down into it to be crucified. What
is needed in our modern city is not more weeping but
more doing. There are agencies at work, in the name
of Christ and home missions, attacking its loneliness,
injustice, sickness, crime, suspicion, fatal haste and
racial hatreds. . . .

Over the cross of Christ was a sign, "Jesus of Naza-
reth, the King of the Jews." It was written in three
languages, that all men might read. Over the door of
a church in downtown New York is a sign reading,
"The Church of All Nations." It is written in four
languages: English, Russian, Italian and Chinese. Some
day they may have to add to these, for through those
portals every day pass the people of eighteen different
nationalities. It is a clearinghouse of tongues, back-
grounds, isms and faiths.

This isn't an old church; in this neighborhood, the
old churches have all disappeared. They were Ger-
man churches, and the homes around them were the

homes of good solid German Protestants. Then the *General Slocum* caught fire in the East River on June 15, 1904, with eighteen hundred aboard on a Sunday school picnic; one thousand were drowned or burned to death, and there was heartbroken sorrow among families from the Battery to Union Square. In time, the Germans moved away from the stricken area. In came Irish, Poles, Russians, Italians, in successive waves. One after another they took over the whole section, and the church, desperate before the swift onslaught of different faiths and the variety of needs, was hard pressed to know what to do. The problem was to provide a place for worship and a form familiar to the widely different groups that moved in and out so swiftly.

The Church of All Nations answered the challenge by taking them all in under one roof. You might drop in there tomorrow and find a service going on in a number of different languages. In Italian, with an Italian preacher in charge. In Russian, led by a Russian minister, with a congregation that will make you think you are in Moscow. Or for Chinese; half the membership of the international service is Chinese, with Poles, Italians, Japanese, and Ukrainians. . . .

Drop in on a weekday or night. You can always get in; they have thrown the key away. You'll see a nursery school, a kindergarten, boys' clubs, girls'

clubs, adult groups. "We can have a class in almost anything if we really want it," says one youngster. Here is part of the report for 1938: 191 activities every week, with an average attendance of 4,000 a week; 20 boys' clubs, 12 girls' clubs, 6,000 vacation days provided for 612 children and parents. A five-story beehive, a seven-day-a-week proof that the church can and does change its attack to meet changing conditions, that among its greatest contributions is the maintenance of worship among shifting congregations. This Church of All Nations is a step ahead of the times, fighting the social and racial conflicts of today and providing a leadership for tomorrow.

Near its door are streets full of pushcarts, streets where abandoned houses offer boys a chance to play "gangster" and where bums find partial refuge from the cold, streets lined with old-law tenement houses. Streets where youth and adult spend their idle hours in playing cards and throwing dice. Above all, streets where the hatreds and misunderstandings of the Old World are transplanted.

Now the Church of All Nations feels that there is something more important than Americanization; it is Christianization. It takes a good Christian to make a good American; you have to start with Christ's teachings of love, equality, tolerance, neighborliness, before you get democracy. They proved this with Dimitry.

Dimitry isn't his name; we would violate a confidence in giving you that. The writer was with him in college, although nobody knew much about him except that he was a quiet sort, a good scholar who stayed by himself, never joined a club and disappeared from the campus as soon as classes were over. Nobody guessed that he was a Soviet spy—Lenin's man in the West.

After commencement we lost track of him, until one day the chief-of-staff of All Nations mentioned his name. Dimitry was working in the church; it wasn't until he joined All Nations that he cut loose from Lenin, and confessed who he was. He went a step further; he went the second mile in a manner that sent the chills up and down our spines when we heard of it.

In the Church of All Nations was another Russian—an ex-Cossack officer, driven into exile by Lenin's revolution. There they were together, the Cossack and the spy; no two people on earth could hate each other more than they did. They wouldn't even sit down in the same room when first they met.

But six months afterwards in that church there was a union communion service. Behind the communion rail, helping to serve the bread and wine, was the Cossack; down the aisle to kneel at the rail came Dimitry, and from the hand of the Russian soldier to

the hand of the Cossack-hater passed the cup of Christian fellowship, the symbolic blood, shed for both.

There are hundreds of men and women in this country anxious to tell of what All Nations has meant to them. And there are hundreds of other churches doing a similar job, making a frontal attack on the problems of class and race, bringing together in Christian sympathy men and women who previously had been as far apart, religiously, as the poles. On a recent Sunday afternoon, the American-born son of a Russian father and a German mother married an Irish girl in an Italian Protestant church!

There are mission churches which do not attempt to take in more than one nationality, churches, in other words, with specialized services for Italians only, or Portuguese, or Swedes, or Poles. They are necessary; the man without a country is a man without a church; next to his own family, the immigrant misses his church most. He finds himself in a Babel of religious tongues, none of which he understands. He longs for a chance to worship in his own language, in his own way. One of the home mission jobs is to see that he gets that chance.

Take, for instance, the Czechs in the United States. They have 63 newspapers and magazines published in

their own language, with a circulation of 472,551. In Chicago 1,300 Czech children are enrolled in Czech language schools. Is there any good reason why they should not be enrolled in a Czech Sunday school, too? Or in a Czech church?

There are Czech churches, home mission sponsored, from New Jersey to Nebraska. Typical of them is the church in the coal fields of Pennsylvania, at Pecksville. The first missionary to Pecksville found a tiny group of people gathered together in a carpenter shop. They struggled along for two years in that shop; they built a small chapel, next a real church. Services were held for old and young in the native Czech tongue. As the youngsters began to grow and to insist that they were Americans and not Czechs, a service in English was provided. Thus old and young were held in the church, the older enjoying their native language services, the younger being carried over a difficult transition period and moved gradually into one of the English-speaking churches. Otherwise, they might have been lost. In that ability to save youth lies the strength of the foreign-speaking churches in America.

It was Henry Hudson who named Staten Island, but it was an Italian, Giovanni da Verrazano, who in 1508 saw it first, a full century before the *Half Moon*

sailed up the bay. Today there are 18,000 Italians on Staten Island. They will tell you, if you visit them, that the great Garibaldi was once a macaroni manufacturer there during his exile. And they will tell you about Sante Buzzalini, the Italian preacher who started with nothing and built an Italian church that has become widely known.

Buzzalini was born in Italy and converted in a little home mission church in Colorado; he arrived on Staten Island with a young bride, a brand new "Reverend" before his name, and a desire to do something for his people. He visited. He asked questions. He found out that barely ten per cent of the Italians on the Island went to church. He had no money, no church. What of it?

He held his first service and preached to an audience of two—his young bride and another Italian woman. Next day Mrs. Buzzalini organized a sewing group for girls, and a class in Italian grammar for boys and girls. Her preacher-husband was on the street and in the homes of his people morning, noon and night. The next service he held, in the basement of a friendly church, was larger. Soon the congregations were so large that the basement wouldn't hold them.

The people scraped together their pennies out of inadequate salaries; with home missionary aid they built first a little wooden chapel, then, in the very

midst of the depression, a church of blue granite and brick, complete from Sunday school rooms to modern kitchen. It is already overcrowded. Services are held in Italian and in English. A library in the church provides the young people with good reading; they flock in to any number of club meetings and Epworth League services. The Buzzalinis are counselors and advisors to Protestant Italian Staten Island.

We tell you the story for two good reasons. One is to show you that Young Italy in America is anxious to help itself. This church was built with the aid of no millionaire; there aren't any Italian millionaires on Staten Island. It was built with pennies, nickels, dimes saved out of thin pay envelopes. It was also built because a sympathetic home mission board cared enough to help pay the preacher's salary in the hardest days, when he was getting started.

Sometimes we find an agency that started in one church and then grew until it included several. Such is the Young People's Interracial Fellowship, which started under Quaker auspices, or, more properly, under the Committee on Race Relations of the Society of Friends. Back in 1931 a group of young church people gathered at Pendle Hill near Philadelphia to discuss the race problem. They found that one out of every ten of our citizens is a Negro, contributing to

our history, civic life, literature, music and religion—but discriminated against in housing, education, industry, hospitals and even in churches. They resolved to do something about that.

Two by two, one Negro and one white, they go into the churches, schools, clubs and colleges of six states. They stage one-act plays dealing with race prejudice, set up exhibits of Negro achievements, and hold mass meetings; they have a debating team and a publicity group working through the newspapers. They hear of unfair practices in a theatre or store; two by two they go to that theatre or store to learn the facts. Sometimes, while testing the state laws forbidding discrimination, they find themselves under arrest. They learn that a bill is up in Washington on some phase of the problem; to Washington they go, to fight for or against it.

The Fellowship has grown much since 1931; today it is an interdenominational group of two hundred young people representing more than thirty churches and ten denominations. It has its own Fellowship Church in Philadelphia, with a white and a Negro minister; it is a fraternity of Christians, a living proof that there is no color line in Christ. The members have paid for their convictions. Some of them find disagreement or opposition to their efforts in their own families. Some have lost their jobs.

Agree or not with their method, we must all admire their courage. You never get anywhere just talking. Thinking must become action. There is action here.

The canker of human loneliness is the curse of the city. The easiest place to feel completely friendless and alone is at the heart of a seething metropolis. Against that, the Christian Friendliness Department of one of the great home mission agencies works three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

How many women in local churches have volunteered to help in this work of Christian friendliness I have no way of knowing. Their name is legion. They go into tenements, apartment houses, public parks, factories—wherever a lonesome face is to be found. A Friendliness visitor describes a typical day:

“My first call is on a fine young Italian mother. She speaks almost no English, so she couldn’t understand the doctor’s orders about food and clothes. . . . She says, ‘My face smiles but my heart cries.’ She wishes she were back in Italy. . . .

“Second call is on an Armenian wife. . . . Two days ago she received a hard, cold telegram from Beirut: ‘Your brother died last night.’ . . . She had been saving her money to go and see that brother, but now . . . She doesn’t need food nor money, but someone to talk to. We talked for two hours. . . .

"A Greek is alone, and it is Christmas time. She would like to go to church, but there is no one for her to go with. . . . We went together to Riverside Church. . . . Her heels struck the pavement joyfully when we came out; she kept saying 'Beautiful! Beautiful!'

"A country woman's family was supported by her work in a canning factory; now the factory is shut down, and they face a winter of want. . . . I found her a new job, a church to go to; she says she has something to live for now. . . ."

Usually the workers seek out homes where English is not spoken, but inevitably they come across a family of American ancestry; the father has lost his job, his savings and his nerve; the children once lived in a better neighborhood and wore nicer clothes. Their home is a little less ugly after the visit of the Friendliness missionary.

City charity societies, good as they are, all too often arrive after the blow has fallen, after hunger or sickness has taken command. The Friendliness visitor gets there ahead of time.

Thousands of city mothers must work. They trudge out early in the morning, leaving their children to—what? Ask the juvenile court. Ask the South Chicago Neighborhood House, where they have a nursery and

a kindergarten and a good big assortment of children's clubs, and a waiting list.

In that House a Negro tot once listened to a play-mate singing "Pennies From Heaven." He protested: "Pennies don't come from heaven. They come from jobs my pa ain't got." His mother had been forced to go to work when pa's steel mill shut down. She brought him every morning on her way to work and called for him at night. He was lucky to get in, for there were seventy-five others waiting to be admitted. He came from a needy, crime-infested section of the city. From eight-thirty to four-thirty every day he was out of that environment, playing in a clean nursery with blocks or a piece of modeling clay or paper and scissors, developing talents that might have died had he been left to spend the days on the street, or in the gutter.

There are hundreds of such missionary nurseries and kindergartens in as many cities. One denomination alone has sixty-three "Christian centers," boasting of activity for everyone from three to eighty. There is no age limit in home missions. . . .

Thirty years ago downtown Woodland Avenue Presbyterian Church in Cleveland had one of the largest congregations and Sunday schools in Ohio; this congregation moved away and the neighborhood be-

came Slavic, then Hungarian, then Jewish. Woodland Avenue Church was transformed into Woodland Center, ministering to each group as it came. Now the community is Negro, and in the last ten years the Center has helped 125,000 Negroes of all ages and conditions; it furnishes relief, education, social case work and religion—and a platform for free speech in a troubled neighborhood. In one month the American Legion, the Communist party and the Scottsboro Action Committee all met in the building.

An institutional church went to work in Los Angeles in the section that provides the greatest number of boys and girls per thousand to the juvenile court and the penal institutions of California. Within five years there had been a two per cent increase in the child population and a sixty per cent drop in juvenile delinquency. Within half a mile of the institution there had been an eighty-three per cent drop!

Eighteen years ago three home missionaries went down to South Paulina Street, in the Chicago stockyards, to find the alleys littered with rags and rubbish, and alive with children. The missionaries set to work. They built no church. They organized no neighborhood house. They simply went out among the alley children and encouraged them to do more than one good deed a day; they found space in the streets for the children to play; they taught little

classes in hygiene in any room they could use; they set up stereopticon and movie machines; they taught songs and Bible stories. They began sending children to near-by Sunday schools and churches.

They still hold their meetings in a shabby old building. Nobody knows how many youngsters have passed through that room to a better life; not a handful of us even know the names of the three who have led them there. Just a man and two women, working alone. . . .

Once in a while we run across churches that are hundred per cent community institutions; they are rare, but they are to be found. There is one in Denver. It started, long years ago, as Grace Methodist Episcopal Church; for years it ran along the conventional, traditional lines. Then Grace Church began to realize that this type of program just wasn't touching the people in the community who most needed to be reached. So the entire set-up was changed. Go into Grace today, and you would never be able to tell, from a study of what goes on there, which denomination it belongs to.

The great community service of this church is carried on through an organization known to Denver as the Grace Community Center; this is an incorporated, independent body, with its own board of

directors. The Center is non-sectarian and interracial; it is non-political, yet it offers a platform for free speech; it stands for personal liberty but it stops short of those agitators who seek only to stir up strife or class hatreds. It is a house of prayer for all people in the best sense of the word: both believers and unbelievers pass through its doors and find welcome.

The poor of Denver know it and love it: before other community agencies began functioning in the earliest days of the depression, Grace Community Center was instrumental in bringing to them, directly or indirectly, over \$34,000 worth of relief. Last year its plant ministered to over 100,000.

The underprivileged know it: in the last seven years Grace has served to the children of the neighborhood more than 120,000 free lunches. The working mothers of Denver know it: here is a day nursery open six days a week for the babies of mothers who must earn a living. Labor knows it: for a long time this has been known as labor's church. Both labor leaders and rank-and-file workers call it that; they appreciate the fact that Grace stood by them in the hard, hectic years when labor was fighting for a fair chance and for the right to state its case to the public. They found that chance here. So sympathetic were people and ministers that one prominent labor leader said recently, "Labor owes more to Grace

Community Church and Center than it will ever be able to repay." There is no one in Denver who will criticize the church on the grounds that it has turned its back on the working classes; there is too eloquent proof otherwise.

Thus has one church met the needs of its community, squarely, courageously. Educational classes, forums, clubs, clinics, athletics, devotional services—they are all here, and back of them is a philosophy worthy of the Galilean Carpenter who came not to be ministered unto or supported by his people, but to minister unto them.

Find a problem in the city, and you find home missions. . . .

III: The Crossroads

THERE is a maxim among the lawyers to the effect that "he who owns the soil owns up to the sky." That is poetry and truth, and it makes us envious of the tiller of the soil, makes us think longingly of the life the farmer leads. He is in constant view of heaven, and we all want that. Lives there a city man with soul so dead that he does not crave a patch of land to call his own, where he can have a little garden and a few chickens, from which he may look up in rapture at clouds like battlements and twinkling stars and say to himself, "I own it all—it's mine"?

We think of the farmer as monarch of everything from soil to sun. He is healthy, happy, clean. He is free of the filth of cities, free of the rush and the bedlam that give us shattered nerves. He punches no time clock, is slave to no machine or busy desk, gets up with the sun and goes to bed with it. He is never out of a job; the strikes and unemployment and periodic hard times of the crowded ways mean little to him; he provides his own food so he is never hungry. He works hard and sleeps well. His life is more joy than hazard; with his feet rooted in the good earth

and his fingers deep in loamy ground he has touched
the pulse of life and felt the throb of things growing.
When he lifts his eyes he sees

The rich ripe tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high . . .

No skyscraper nor cloud of factory smoke obscures
his vision; he looks far and deep.

It is a pretty picture, this one we have painted of
the farm. Idyllic! Too idyllic, and we know it. We
urban dwellers talk a lot about country life but most
of us have stayed within our city limits. We prefer
to go to work at nine and not at dawn. We find it
easier to get our food from the corner grocery than
to plant, tend and harvest it ourselves. The country
boy and girl thought of that, too. And of the higher
wages they could make in the town; of a chance to
get rich in the stock market; of amusements, big-
league ball parks, movie palaces, up-to-the-minute
styles and the laughter of the crowd. Farming was not
an idyll to them, but drudgery.

They saw also the better educational facilities of
the city; they thought they saw here an opportunity
"to live and make something of themselves." They
remembered those farmers who had lost their land;
the economic chaos of industry that, after all, did have
its effect on the country. The city beckoned, and

they came. Half of our rural-born children came to town from 1870 to 1920. From 1920 to 1930 fifteen million moved cityward; the migration was by families and not by individuals. Deserted homesteads dot the countryside. You can buy a farm for a song—or less.

They left behind them the little white church, and with the school and the homestead, it fell on evil days. Less than five years ago Dr. Reid S. Dickson of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. reported: "Undoubtedly there are hundreds, indeed thousands, of small [rural] churches which have come to the place where they will never again be able to support a minister or support a permanent field of labor." One denomination has 4,500 ministers receiving less than \$1,000 a year, including house rent.

Undermanned, faced with declining memberships and falling financial support, the church in the country was up against it. While the idea of the consolidated school was gaining favor; while power machinery in the fields—tractors, harvesters, and the like—was making farm life less of a drudgery, what was coming to the rural church?

A new home missions was coming: a larger interest in the work of the country church. Departments of rural work, denominational and interdenominational councils specializing in rural problems, larger-parish

workers, were arriving on the scene. The old circuit rider was less often found on the roads; in his place came college and seminary trained men in automobiles, covering more ground in an hour than he could cover in a day, suggesting new ideas, new programs. . . .

Before us is the log of a sky pilot in the Upper Peninsula country of Michigan. He drives a Ford. For those who think romance and the last frontier are gone, we offer these lines from the log:

"Thursday. Drive 29 miles; call on man who has a broken hip. Seven miles to Trenary, make eight calls, dedicate new hymnals, hold evening service, drive 29 miles to Gladstone. . . .

"Friday: Drive 48 miles to Hermansville. . . . Prepare lantern in church for evening. Give travelogue. (Bark River Indians come in to this service. . . .)

"Saturday: Grease the car, drive 198 miles, make six calls, and, to complete the day, study in bed until twelve.

"Sunday: Hold three services, call in five homes, drive 22 miles straight ahead, spend one hour in ditch in clay, wind wheels with rope, call for help, whereupon we have two cars to get out of the clay.

"Tuesday: Make seven calls this A.M., see about new Sunday school work, make arrangements to install some pews. . . . Kind Roman Catholic friends cheer

heart . . . by giving two chickens which [I] send home to wife and family. . . . Drive 35 miles, call at six places including high school.

"Thursday: Up at 5:00 and away. . . . Drive 27 miles to Eckerman, the sawmill town. Make four calls, go through the mill. . . . After this, junior church and a candle lighting dedication of newly elected officers; preach again. . . .

"Friday: Drive 12 miles to Hulbert. . . . We make nine calls, and visit the pool room (these men would fight for us any day). We can see these people but twice each month at best. . . . We head westward 149 miles for . . . the place called home. We arrive 1:00 Saturday morning, having traveled 673 miles and conducted twelve services in ten days. . . ."

And so on, day in and day out.

From Kittery Point to Quoddy Head is about two hundred and sixty miles, if you sail in a straight line. But so irregular is the coast of Maine that if you follow the shore line you cover nearer three thousand. In and out along this course, three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, sails the sturdy *Sunbeam*.

Eighty feet long, sixteen foot beam, driven by a hundred horse power Diesel motor, the *Sunbeam* is home missions afloat. Sponsored by the Maine Sea Coast Missionary Society she cruises ceaselessly among three

thousand islands, covering seventy-five hundred to eight thousand miles a year, carrying relief and the gospel of love to eight hundred widely scattered families.

She breaks through ice-locked harbors in winter, clearing the way for the mail boats, bringing food and clothes to communities often cut off for weeks at a time from the mainland. Bar Harbor is headquarters; from there last year went clothing to a hundred and sixty needy families, went gear, loans, food-stuffs, to over twenty-three hundred individuals. Her name means something to these "down-Easters." *Sunbeam* she was christened by a light-keeper's daughter who knew the meaning of the helpful ministry of her sea-going pastor.

Is a fisherman stricken with appendicitis fifty miles away? The *Sunbeam* carries him to a hospital, and brings him home again when he is well. Is a wisdom tooth jumping two hours' sail away? There's a dentist in the *Sunbeam*, on his way. (Recently the little ship took a dentist, a medical hygienist and a nurse on a visit to two islands; they established a clinic in which more than one hundred men, women and children received treatment on board.) Sleeping aft is a nurse preparing to visit a household afflicted with mumps; reading in the cabin is a welfare worker going to find out how the children in the home of an unemployed father are getting along. Down in the "glory hole" of the

Sunbeam is Dr. C. E. Bousfield, a doctor with a record of forty years of service in China, with all his medical paraphernalia.

The *Sunbeam's* skipper and crew have established Sunday schools, Saturday schools of religious education, weekday schools of religion, vacation schools; they have promoted religious services in twenty-five communities, organized a "Christian Brotherhood," visited and encouraged religious workers all along the coast to build better schools and maintain a higher standard of teaching. By scholarships, grants, loans and expert counsel, ambitious boys and girls have been helped through secondary school and even college. There will be workers for tomorrow from their ranks.

No wonder Henry Van Dyke, who knew his Maine and the *Sunbeam*, wrote of it all:

. . . Jesus sails the seas again
Along the granite coast of Maine.

Entirely different from the labors of our Michigan sky pilot and our Maine skipper are those of the Reverend and Mrs. C. I. Lau. These two moved into a Midwestern rural area where there was an overabundance of churches and an underabundance of good farm land. They found 1,335 people in their new community, members of seventeen denominations, attending one of the five churches or none at all.

The first thing they did brought a smile from the community—they bought twenty acres of sparse vegetation and sandy soil. Folks said nobody had ever raised anything on that ground except big families. But Dr. Lau's board of home missions approved his buying it, and offered to help him make it a center for a rural demonstration parish and an experiment in rural religious education. The new missionaries purchased a few chickens. They announced to the countryside that next Christmas Eve they would hold a new kind of service. That was needed; the old type consisted of raffling off to the holders of lucky numbers baskets of food and other articles donated by commercial concerns. The Lau's said they would expect two hundred and fifty people to attend.

The community laughed again. Two hundred and fifty! You never got that many out, in this place, for anything but a funeral. Besides, the churches had all planned their separate services, just as they had for years; they didn't believe a union service would work out. But it did. More than four hundred came, young and old, to discover a fellowship they had never known before, and to enjoy a Christmas service that was a combination of story telling and a musical arrangement of Van Dyke's *The Story of the Other Wise Man*. A farm mother who was asked to take the part of Mary (she had never been requested to

do anything like that before) said months later, wistfully, "Why, I never thought I knew how to do anything but wash dishes and milk cows." Others had the same experience; there's a lot of talent going to waste in rural America.

These people discovered that the churches they belonged to were not so far apart as they had imagined. They started a series of Sunday evening services at Dream Haven, the new name for the old hardscrabble twenty acres, that have grown more and more popular; this is a form of outdoor worship that has drawn many visitors from a distance; the people start the service singing, "You go to your church and I'll go to mine, but let's walk along together." They haven't closed any churches, haven't consolidated any organizations; all they have done is to get together and try to understand each other better. They see now that the little things that keep them apart are small indeed, and the great things that make them one are big indeed.

Dr. Lau preaches and serves three country churches in the parish; when he isn't doing that he stays home to "mind the chickens and the children," and Mrs. Lau goes to work. She is a minister too; she is carrying on a ministry of music. Working on the principle that music is the universal language that everyone understands, she has gone about the parish teaching melody

to everyone who can sing or play, or who thinks he can, or who doesn't know but would like to try. In homes, churches, schools, grange halls she gathers them together. They are the little groups from which are recruited the community mixed chorus.

The concerts and rehearsals start with sacred music, with "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go," or Gounod's "O Gentle Night." They sing in the churches, at Dream Haven gatherings, at farmers' institutes, at Parent-Teacher Association meetings, on Rural Life Sundays, May Day, Mother's Day, commencement night. As they improve they go on to the "Largo," "Londonderry Air," "The Jolly Copper-smith," MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose." The whole community has come to love the Negro because of the spirituals they hear the chorus sing; there is more sympathy with Germans and Italians than ever before, for the music of the Rhine and of Rome is now familiar to them.

There isn't a highly trained voice in the whole chorus, yet they are the pride of the county. They sing from the heart and not from the head. They have a fellowship that laughs at discord. They have sung their county into unity. The Community Farmers' Institute financed the chorus through their first hard year, but now they pay their own way and more. The members are all tithers; they give their ten per cent regularly;

they have given it to buy new song books for themselves, to send a slum child to the country for two weeks, to aid shut-ins, to help a foreign-born boy sick with an incurable disease, to finance the library of a new school (the old one burned down) and to put a Bible in every room, to help churches rebuild in the flood areas.

The contagion has spread. A stringed orchestra works with the chorus now. The board of education gave Mrs. Lau permission to teach music in the public school one day a week; it went so well that they employed a full-time teacher, in a school that hadn't had a musical instructor for ten years. All over the countryside there are portable victrolas and music appreciation records; Walter Damrosch is no stranger here; children and parents all know him.

A newspaper reporter sat on a bench under a tree at Dream Haven last year and watched the annual rural play day. Three hundred people were there; long tables built of lumber taken from the old barn groaned with food; the men had laid out a baseball diamond, put up swings and sand boxes provided by the 4-H Club, cut winding paths through the woods, and built a miniature golf course. Rural leaders from near-by counties were watching, taking notes. The reporter wrote in his notebook:

"Dream Haven is not a mechanically equipped

amusement park. It is a rural community project, an attractive rural playground, a nature lover's retreat for all who care to enjoy it." He might have added that Dream Haven is also an outdoor temple. In the two natural amphitheatres on that farm, children are gathered to listen to Bible stories, with trees and flowers and the great blue dome of the sky for a background. Vesper services are held in the evenings.

Up through the gate, which has no bar, come the cars; they wind slowly along the lane to form a circle of giant fireflies around the rim of the amphitheatre. There the people sit and worship. The wind in the trees is a prayer; the song of a near-by lark is as much the echo of the voice of God as a golden organ note. Here they play and have their recreation; here they pray and are re-created.

Faith has been renewed and strengthened; courage has come back; a new sense of the harmony possible between God and man is born. It has been done here; it can be done anywhere.

The Rural Church Committee of the Ohio Council of Churches believes that "when Christian people operate competitive churches with competitive money they are dividing the seamless robe of the Master and they are guilty of wilfully wasting the divine resources." We talk a lot about united fronts in politics,

economics and society, but we have been a long, long time applying the principle to the church. The Ohio Council is applying it.

Seventy-one rural communities were surveyed by the Council; overlapping and competition were found in forty of them, and it was decided to withdraw, gradually or immediately, all financial aid from the forty and to concentrate on the remaining thirty-one. It was as painful as cutting off a finger to save an arm.

In one locality the Council found eight churches of a single denomination served by ministers who lived on farms or followed some other occupation to keep themselves and their families alive. All of them were underpaid; all their churches had empty pews; all were struggling to get along and to keep the doors open. At the suggestion of the Council, they joined six of these churches and a mission chapel into one cooperative parish, with two pastors and a full-time social worker in charge. They found a new name for it: The Parish of Templed Hills. They bought a fourteen acre tract of land in the open country, built a manse on it and transformed a dense thicket into a conference ground. That tract became a training center for the youth of southeastern Ohio; it is in use today for group meetings, days of prayer for missions, youth conferences, farmers' institutes, 4-H Clubs, ministers' meetings, and an occasional picnic.

In the southwestern part of the state is the Christian Fellowship Parish. Six Congregational-Christian churches organized it two years ago, with a representative for each church, six members-at-large and a delegate from every denomination in the parish; they drew up a cooperative scheme of systematic pastoral visitation, regular Sunday schools, worship services, vacation schools, leadership training institutes and mission study classes. They cooperate with every other church in the vicinity, but it looks as though there wouldn't be any other churches very long. They are all talking of joining the one parish. In union there is strength!

North Jackson lies to the northeast. Ten years ago the leaders of the three local churches—Disciples of Christ, Presbyterian, Reformed—decided that they could do a better job if they united their efforts and stopped competing. They talked it over in a series of conferences and devised a program whereby all three would work under one pastor. They agreed that each church was to keep its denominational connection and that the benevolence funds of each would go to its own board; they would hold their church services in the Presbyterian building, their Sunday school in the public school until a religious educational unit could be provided, and the Disciples church could be made

into a parish house. By 1937 they had their religious educational building; it was an addition to the old Presbyterian church.

What happened? Why, first of all, this: At the end of June each year, when most churches are closing down for the summer, those in North Jackson are continuing an active program. A vacation church school is held soon after the public school closes; over one hundred children come, and every child in the community is invited, regardless of race, color, or creed; the school meets every forenoon for two weeks and several public school teachers serve on the teaching staff. Twenty donated cars driven by interested parents bring the children in and take them home again.

The young people of the community are invited to either the intermediate, Boy or Girl Scout, high school or older young people's camp in August. Those with leadership ability are sent to state training schools and conferences. Local community camps supplement this work, giving a similar experience to rural boys and girls who cannot be sent to the state camps. Courses are offered on personal religious living, Christian social problems, and Bible study.

At every young people's camp, the campers hew their own wood and draw their own water and study the principles of democracy, justice, fraternity, Christian service, and community cooperation. The post-

school young people discuss the more adult problems of economics, religion, and sociology. Last but not least is the camp for farm women; this is two days of joyous living for the rural housewife. An extra cook is employed so that the campers will have nothing to do but read, rest, think, play, and worship. Neglected talents come to light; indifference about the country church has flamed into enthusiasm around this campfire.

Each summer there comes to the parish a young associate minister, a seminary student training for work in the rural field, who helps with parish activities and learns by doing. Last year the associate put on an arresting program of dramatics and kept the parish house open and running full blast for the young people's groups; the house was the center of the community's recreation.

Now there are two things that are impressive about this work at North Jackson. One is that every item on its program is inspired by some community need. A group of young people, for instance, wanted a new form of religious service on Sunday evenings; there was arranged for them a series of "tours," one of which was a visit to the county jail. Other trips took in the hospital, county home, and mission camp; on the Sunday following each tour, a representative of the institution was asked to lead an open discussion on his

work. Thus the young people acquainted themselves with the institutions in the neighborhood, and discovered what religion could do to help.

A group of boys beyond the high school age were unreached by any organization; there were also groups of foreign-born boys who were not being included in the church program. So—a new schedule of dramatics, recreation, and the like was inaugurated; the school gymnasium was thrown open every Tuesday night and a program of supervised athletics became the talk of the town.

Here were a lot of community boys standing around on the street corners near a local beer garden. A committee was appointed to investigate, and their report made the United Church determined to rid North Jackson of beer and booze for good. A campaign was put on; handbills, dramatics, personal visits were used. Result: in the fall of 1935 the township was voted dry by more than two to one.

That's the first impressive fact: community needs have created a community program. The second fact is this: the method they use at North Jackson brings results. A united front drove out the threat of alcohol. Divisions have disappeared and competition is gone; cooperation has arrived. North Jackson is therefore a finer place to live in.

Religion works—when it has the chance! The people

in North Jackson wouldn't go back to the old ways. Good as they were, they weren't good enough. The old loyalties to individual churches and denominations need to be enlarged and broadened, and a new technique developed to express the united, more inclusive purpose.

Religion works—in modern surroundings and with modern methods!

IV: Forgotten Americans

IN the darkest days of the American Revolution, General George Washington said that if the war were lost and he had but one banner left he would rally his Scotch-Irish troopers and plant a new republic on top of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The General knew his highlanders of the South.

They helped Old Hickory win at New Orleans; they forged new states in the wilderness and gave us Daniel Boone, John C. Calhoun and Stonewall Jackson. They declared themselves free and independent long before the Declaration of Independence was drawn up and signed at Philadelphia. As America became absorbed in settling the Middle and Far West, the mountaineers of the South were passed by, and for years the rest of the country knew little of them.

Who is today's dweller in Appalachia, six million strong and living in a section covering 112,000 square miles, reaching into nine states? Well, his forefathers were German, Scotch-Irish, French, English; all the finest traits of these ancestors are in him, fused now into one blood—American. In a certain mountain county there are just twenty foreign-born whites and

nineteen Negroes out of a population of 10,765; among the rural farmers of Kentucky and Tennessee only 0.1 per cent are foreign born; it is less than that in the Carolinas and Georgia. Compare this with your Northern areas.

But the faith of his fathers still runs like fire in the hill man's blood. His German fathers were Protestants; they were driven out of Germany in the course of bitter religious wars; they came here at the invitation of Quaker William Penn, and they came in droves. His Scotch-Irish father and mother came to escape religious persecution in the north of Ireland; came hating their English landlords and the churchmen who opposed their Presbyterian form of worship. His French forebears were the Huguenots who survived the horrors of St. Bartholomew's Day; they too came on the hunt for freedom of thought and faith.

Little wonder, then, that their descendants fought for freedom, democracy, independence; little wonder they have clung tenaciously to their belief in the worth of the individual, to their love of home and fireside. Edwin E. White, author of *Highland Heritage*, says theirs is "a quiet patience like the patience of the seasons; a fine human dignity; a sense of the reality of God and of things unseen."

How did they come to the highlands? Distrust of centralized authority, suspicion of the state church

which they found rooted on American soil, an objection to the slavery in the rich lowlands of the South—all this led them to fall back from the seaboard and to depend on their own resources in a country that would be indisputably their own. At first they settled on the best soil, in the fertile valleys, but as the years rolled on they were forced by the march of empire “back and beyond”; they settled beside the mountain stream, or on a hillside that seemed to have enough good soil to give root to a crop of corn and potatoes.

How do they live? Oftentimes precariously. Their mountain land offers a bare existence at its best; and now erosion has cut into the hillsides and stolen their good soil. Crops are raised on amazingly steep slopes; when a home mission official from the East went down to the Cumberland to take some pictures, he tumbled out of a hillside cornfield, camera, pictures, and all; by actual survey that cornfield stood at an angle of thirty-eight degrees. Rain and wind can tear away a lot of soil and seed from such slopes as this.

Here are people making a living against terrific odds. Of 3,118 farm homes in one mountain county, twenty-one had electric lights, ten had water piped into the house, eight had bathrooms. In another county the total cash income of over half the families amounted to less than \$45 a family; more than half of those had no work animal, two out of five no cow or

pig, and one out of every nine didn't even have a chicken.

Because they are poor, disease is prevalent. There are remote hollows in the mountains where children die without ever having seen a doctor. The low wages of the father can't bring a physician over ten miles of road, at a cost of a dollar a mile! Frugal and unbalanced diet brings on malnutrition, undernourishment, pellagra; there is hookworm, typhoid, colitis, tuberculosis.

They are a people standing in the need of schools. One mountain district pays its teachers \$428 a year. Children go to school or stay home, as they like; few of them ever get to the eighth grade. Some of the finest consolidated schools in the country are to be found in the Southern mountains, but good schools are rare. There are too many unpainted one-room cabins passing as schoolhouses, too many underpaid, undertrained teachers.

The mountain folk are a singing people: they love their music, the ballads that have come down through generations from singer to singer—"Barbara Allen," "The Two Sisters," "The Green Willow Tree." They are a highly individualistic people, with a natural and unconscious sense of equality; they think not much more of the President than they do of their crossroads storekeeper.

They love their homes; they become unbearably homesick when they leave them. The cabin in the hills, made of logs and mud, with a loft above to sleep in and a gun over the fireplace—that they love. They work hard, play hard, take time out to enjoy living while most of us rush headlong from the cradle to the grave just trying to make a living. When a neighbor's house burns, everybody takes a day off to help him build a new one; when a neighbor falls sick they take turns sitting up all night with him; if he dies they bury him, and comfort (and feed) the family.

They are a deeply religious people. The church and all it stands for is firmly set in their midst. But for all it has meant, there has been one great lack in the work and emphasis of the mountain church. In his book, Edwin E. White, who knows Appalachia well, says: "The religion offered by the average mountain church does not make men dissatisfied with ugliness, want, sickness, and the lack of opportunity." The first home missionaries faced that; and be it said here that when they called attention to it, they found an amazingly enthusiastic response. Children in the highlands now are going gladly to school; the family in the mountain cabin is welcoming the home mission nurse and doctor with open arms, for their children have been cured. That part of the missionary's job isn't so hard; this background is easily overcome.

The real enemies to be faced now have come in over the newly opened roads: the modern, sophisticated magazine and newspaper; cheap pulp thrillers; the unwise use of the automobile; the new industrialism that is moving into the South, crushing initiative, bringing evils along with the good.

Home missions is attacking all this with a program that is social, educational, economic and basically religious. For you can never ignore religion in the building of a better social, educational or economic life; they dovetail, they must work together to produce a higher type of man and community. That is what they are doing among the mountain people. . . .

Soon to be graduated from Berea College in Kentucky is a quiet, attractive, blonde-haired girl. Her name is Mabel Henderson. She comes from a section of the hills known as "South America." Her story is the story of a home mission enterprise.

Not long ago this section was known as one of the most lawless districts in the state. Money being scarce, the men were making moonshine to help them live, and the whiskey led to shootings and arrests and evasions of the law.

One of the most feared men in this hill country was Bill Henderson, Mabel's father. He himself was afraid of neither man nor devil. He was a feudist, a moon-

shiner. There were thirteen notches on his gun. There were also thirteen charges against him in circuit court, three in Federal court, a jail sentence impending and a \$500 fine.

In those days, Mabel was a thin little girl, helping her mother care for the younger children, picking up sticks for the fire, dressing in handed down clothes. She didn't go to school—the building had been burned twice.

In the meantime, Bishop Theodore S. Henderson had visited sections of the mountains and had become particularly interested in "South America." With the pastor from Pineville, he went up into the hills to study the situation. One of the first persons he met was Bill Henderson, and the two men with the same name grew to be friends. But that came later. The bishop and the pastor saw the need for churches and schools. They made plans. The pastor went up to "South America" as a missionary; the bishop set out to interest the denomination and to raise funds.

In spite of his reputation of being a bad man, Bill Henderson was deeply concerned with his children's welfare. He heard about the school, thought it over, and presented the preacher with his farm and his house, moving his family to another cabin. "I'd rather my young 'uns had that school without the farm, than to have the farm without the school," Bill said.

Two other men, Evan and Scott Partin, became interested. Scott, even before Bill, gave land—sixteen acres from his ninety acre farm. Evan gave half of his property. He himself was unlettered, but he wanted his children to have better opportunities.

So the preacher from Pineville cleared off the brush and rocks, cleaned out an old cabin and opened school. Mabel Henderson was one of the first pupils to attend. A helper drove two cows from another old building and started a community house.

Mabel's father was converted. He went to the county seat and swore out an affidavit that he would manufacture no more liquor, that he would try henceforth to be a good citizen. But ending his feud was harder. The missionary talked to him about it.

"I hear you're carrying your gun these days, Bill."

"I got to. Johnson's carrying his."

"And if you meet him?"

Bill shook his head. "I'd have to shoot him. Else he'd get me first."

The missionary pointed out the fear that forced both men to carry guns. He reminded Bill of his place of leadership in the hills, of the feud which would be passed on to his children. He spoke of the progress that might be made in the community if peace were established. The result was that the two enemies, under the influence of the preacher, shook hands and

sat down to a meal together, the feud forever behind them.

So Mabel's life took on a different meaning. She and twelve others were studying in the new school. Most of them walked in; some rode on a mule—two, sometimes three perched on the animal! One boy rode fourteen miles every day on his mule until he finished the course; another walked that same distance, and he never saw the daylight at home while he was doing it. The first graduating class consisted of three members, and all three went to college. Eighty per cent of those who have since finished the course have gone on to further study.

The enterprise has grown. Now Henderson Settlement—named for Bill and the bishop—consists of 435 acres of ground, a large school building known as Partin Hall, two dormitories and a chapel, light plant, water system, carpenter shop, grist and saw mill, tabernacle, threshing outfit, recreation cabin and community house, six cottages for workers, a clinic, teams, wagons, autos, trucks, two hundred students and a road to the world outside. The community has changed, too. There are better homes and better cattle; crops are grown scientifically and are more plentiful; drunkenness is extremely rare.

And the boys and girls who are graduating from Henderson Settlement and going on to college are re-

turning to the mountains to serve their own people. One boy, who had been a drunkard at fifteen, will soon be a doctor and live in his mountains. Mabel herself will teach. Other girls are now teaching and preaching in places farther back in the hills. For it is a characteristic of those who have lived in the mountains that they go back to bring in a new way of living and serving.

In the heart of the Carolina mountains is another kind of school, one not so much interested in getting its graduates off to college, for it has a different kind of graduate. This is the Asheville Farm School, and it has an unconventional curriculum. Indeed, there is no curriculum at all, as teachers understand it. There are no "required" courses of study or subjects in the usual sense of the word. A student at Asheville takes what he needs to fit him for the life he must lead. That sounds like good common sense, for the great majority of these boys can give only a few short years to school. They must work and work hard to keep themselves and their families alive.

A boy at the school is working in a cornfield; on a young green stalk he finds a growth of smut. He brings it in to the agricultural laboratory and says, "I've seen this smut on my father's corn. What is it? What causes it? How do we get rid of it?" An instruc-

tor gets out a microscope; together they peer through it and together they search the library for information. They find it, and a boy goes back to his father's farm equipped with a new knowledge that helps to control the damages of smut for miles around.

A second boy milks twenty-two cows in the dairy barn. He asks, "Does this dairy pay?" He goes into the chemical lab. He learns to keep a record of the cost of feed. He discovers how to test the percentage of butterfat in each cow's milk; he studies dairy sanitation, marketing and all the rest of it. He goes home not just another boy farmer, but a scientific dairyman.

Another boy says, "There are a lot of young people in our neighborhood who are not doing anything; a few of them come to church or Sunday school, but accomplish nothing when they come. There are no worthy social or recreational activities for them. What can be done in the community that will give them something worth while to think about and to do in their leisure time?" He goes into the social arts laboratory, where he learns to set up a complete recreational schedule, a music project, a Sunday school and young people's worship program for his home community. What he has accomplished among his own people in social and religious values would be difficult for any minister to achieve.

In Tennessee there is a home mission nurse—one of many—engaged in a seven-day-a-week struggle with mountain sickness. She gives us this out of her notebook:

“Doctor and I are called at 2:00 A.M. on a confinement case twelve miles away. No time for fires, so I dress in an ice-cold room, get the supplies and hurry for the car. With snow a foot deep, the temperature zero and our Ford open to the cold, we finally get within a mile of the house, walking through knee-deep drifts of snow the remaining distance.

“Hours and hours of nerve-racking work with our patient! Suturing must be done by the rays of a flashlight. Mountain homes are poorly equipped and as usual, the doctor must scrub his hands in a small tin basin with water heated in an iron kettle which hangs in the fireplace. A dim coal-oil lamp with the aid of the firelight guides our way about the sick room, but is not very reliable when tiny stitches are being taken. A table is devised from placing chairs together to bathe the baby near the fire. Yet this and worse conditions are what we contend with in our obstetrical work every day.

“A patient with pneumonia becomes worse. We must have an oxygen tank and tent, although it is midnight and Knoxville is the nearest point for obtaining these (Knoxville is fifty miles away). Doctor goes

to find the men in charge of the oxygen concern and surgical supply company, getting them out of bed at 1:00 A.M. I stay up thirty-six hours on this case and the patient gets a little better.

"Another call at 11:00 P.M. A little three year old tot has been accidentally knocked down by a hound dog. . . . We take the child to Sevierville and after the x-ray, a plaster of Paris cast is applied to his leg. Four days later, another x-ray is made in Knoxville and we put the leg in traction (vertical suspension). Since I must be away on calls from the hospital, he is kept at the doctor's house, with the doctor's wife helping. . . ."

Konnarock Training School is primarily for girls. It began in a rented house with two giant fireplaces that smoked the wrong way, with fourteen girls, two teachers and a cook. Now there are thirty-three boarding pupils, all girls, and ninety day pupils, both boys and girls. Their work is the type you will find in most schools of this kind, all over the highlands: academic, religious, health, home economics. It isn't the children in the school that interest us here so much as it is the Mothers' Club.

When that club was first suggested, the mountain mothers were suspicious that it was just another attempt of "the outsiders" to put something over on

them; that suspicion was so strong that a year's work by the organizer, Miss Twedten, produced just six club members. But as word passed from mouth to mouth: "This is *our* club—we are doing it ourselves!" the membership grew to ten in the second year and to thirty-five in the third.

Miss Twedten noticed that the children of these mothers were a sickly lot, suffering from neglected after-effects of measles, whooping cough, tonsilitis, scarlet fever, "thin and piddlin' children," as their mothers called them, with teeth in all stages of decay. But she also noticed in the mothers a fierce pride, a deep love for these children, and a strength to fight for them. She capitalized on that, and gave these characteristics direction in the Mothers' Club.

What are they doing? Well, take a look at them, coming and going up and down their mountain trails. A grandmother is bringing a pound of butter to pay for having her favorite granddaughter's tooth filled, another gives twenty-five cents for her little girl's tonsil operation; twenty-one expectant mothers come and go, being taught at the club clinic how to care for themselves, bringing their pennies for one of those "sterilizin' outfits."

Club sessions begin with a Bible reading; dues, one penny a meeting, are collected. The women look at a health film, or hear a doctor or a nurse talk on chil-

dren's diseases. They make and sell patchwork quilts, jams and jellies; they sponsor clinics for throat, chest, teeth and eyes. The latest project is the building and equipping of a hospital; for that they have already had their husbands cart and dump a huge pile of stones, and they have raised—among themselves—the sum of forty-six dollars. No small sum, in these mountains.

Out of their numbers, every year, are coming more and more women who have caught the dream of their leader. Like Miss Twedten, they long to do something to help. When her work is done, there will be not one but many, trained and ready, to step in and carry on.

So much has been done in the Southern mountains that it is easy to exaggerate an account of it, and paint an over-rosy picture; it is one of the most attractive missionary fields in the world. Yet the work has only begun. More schools, more churches, more ministers and teachers, more doctors, nurses, agriculturists, social workers—these are insistent needs. When these are met it will be the whole nation that will benefit, and not only those in the mountains who offer us such a priceless heritage of faith and spirit.

V: God's Image in Black

CHRONICLED in the historical records of Jamestown, Virginia, are the words: "About the last of August there came in a Dutch man of warre that sold us twenty negars." With the words is the date, 1619. The first twenty Negroes! The first of all the races of this earth to come here not seeking freedom, and not of their own free will!

In the wake of the Dutchman, history's most venomous fleet put to sea. They were the slavers, inoculating a new, free land with the poison of bondage. For over two hundred years they plied their trade, and when the institution of slavery was finally abolished after our Civil War, there were four million Negroes in the United States.

When the war was over the four million, with the blinding light of freedom full in their eyes, stood up and asked, "What now?" They were free, but with what a freedom! They had no property, no education. They lived in a South crushed by the gods of war and lying prostrate. Some moved North, where they thought the second start would be easier. Some stayed South; they began to ask the government about the

"forty acres and a mule" that had been promised to them.

Those who came North settled down in "black belts" or colonies in the metropolitan centers: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, St. Louis. From the "cabin in the cotton" they moved to overcrowded, unhealthful quarters in the tenement sections of our cities. Unskilled, they were forced to do the most menial of labor at the lowest of wages.

Yet in spite of his thousand and one handicaps, the Negro forged ahead with unbelievable swiftness. No other social or racial group, said the amazed Lord Bryce of England, had ever made such rapid progress in so short a time as the American Negro made in the thirty years following his emancipation. From four million in 1865 they have increased to nearly twelve million today. Penniless then, they now possess property valued at more than two billions of dollars. Ninety per cent illiterate then, they were only sixteen per cent illiterate in 1930.

Today 2,500,000 Negro children are in school, 22,000 young men and women are in college. Limited to picking cotton or driving a mule in the '60's, recent census reports show that 70,000 of them are now business men, more than 100,000 are professional workers; there are 56,000 teachers, 20,000 preachers, 5,000 nurses, 4,000 doctors, 2,000 dentists, 1,000 lawyers.

At the close of the Civil War there were few independent churches for the Negro; today they have 47,000 churches, 5,000,000 members, 46,000 Sunday schools with 3,000,000 pupils.

They have made a distinctive contribution to American music: most lovable of our harmonies is the spiritual—"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Let My People Go," "I Want to Go Tell Moses." These are sad songs, and yet the triumphal expression of a great people. The Negro has given us the Fisk Jubilee Singers, the Tuskegee Quartette, J. Rosamond Johnson, Roland Hayes, Marian Anderson, to mention only a few.

In poetry, the race has produced Paul Laurence Dunbar and Countee Cullen, Phillis Wheatley, Langston Hughes, James Weldon Johnson. To our stage it has brought "The Green Pastures," "The Emperor Jones," "Porgy," and the fine acting of Paul Robeson, Richard Harrison, Charles Gilpin. To the World War it sent four regiments to be decorated for heroism in action. A Negro doctor in Chicago performed the first successful operation on the human heart. At the moment Negro champions are distinguishing themselves in the world of sport. Dr. George Washington Carver of Tuskegee has more than one hundred and sixty-five uses and by-products of the lowly peanut to his credit. Negroes have registered

over fifteen hundred patents in Washington. Charles W. White waited tables at Harvard and managed to graduate at the top of a class of two hundred and twenty; H. S. Blackstone received a Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania at the ripe young age of twenty-three. Eunice Hunton took both an A.B. and an A.M. in four years at Smith. The day Paul Robeson was graduated from Rutgers he was an all-American tackle, and was carried around the campus on the shoulders of his white team-mates. And who has not heard of Booker T. Washington, the boy who walked from his home near Charleston, West Virginia, to attend school at Hampton, Virginia, sleeping along the roadside, and became one of the most famous and respected college presidents in the United States?

Now a race capable of lifting itself by its own bootstraps as far as this is worth all the help a Christian church can give it. There is a lot yet to be done, for the Negro still faces serious handicaps. His three greatest problems are still unsolved: poverty, low wages and discrimination.

He needs schools. Over one million Negro school children are playing permanent hooky: there are no places for them to study. Thirty-eight per cent of our Negro teachers have had less than a high school training. The large majority of rural Negro schools are inadequate. The people need better churches,

better ministers; less than twenty per cent of their preachers hold academic degrees, and even this percentage is shrinking. It requires sixteen hundred new men annually to fill Negro pulpits, yet out of the one thousand who graduate each year from college, fewer than fifty enter the ministry—including those who take up social and educational work in the church.

And what is home missions doing about all this?

James Solomon Russell was born a slave; his mother named him Solomon because she “hoped he would be wise.” He was—wise enough to become an archdeacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church, wise enough to borrow \$1,000 in the days of his deepest poverty to buy a two-room frame house on three acres of land as a school for his people. The school is a model, one of the best of a type built throughout the South with home mission funds.

He started a church first. He had twenty communicants, no church building, an intense race prejudice to fight down, an indifferent public opinion and support, a Negro population poverty-stricken and illiterate. He saw immediately that if these people of his were ever to become self-respecting they would first have to become self-supporting; that meant overcoming their illiteracy. So he started St. Paul’s Normal and Industrial School at Lawrenceville, Virginia.

It began with no intention of turning out lawyers or doctors or college professors; that came later. The students it served were the illiterate, underprivileged youngsters who were all around it. The major emphasis was, and still is, on industrial education. On masonry, mechanics, carpentry, electricity, plumbing, tailoring, steam-fitting, plastering and farming for the boys; on home economics, cooking, table-serving, dressmaking, sewing, nursing and barbering for the girls.

Seventeen thousand boys and girls have skilled themselves in these useful arts and gone out of St. Paul's to influence the living conditions of their people and to place themselves in high demand as workers. Rarely, if ever, has any member of St. Paul's personnel been brought to a bar of justice. They are too busy—and too wise.

Farming is a great tradition at the institution. Boys are trained to be scientific farmers, but that is only part of it. For thirty-six years a St. Paul's Farmers' Conference has had this objective: "To encourage our people to buy land, build homes, churches, schools; to promote better race relations and to make useful, intelligent members of society." At an annual farmers' fair, produce is displayed and prizes awarded; the farm women have a forum to discuss their problems, and a program of recreation. At the Farmers' Insti-

tute the men go over problems of crop rotation, diversified farming, livestock breeding, crops, prices, grades, marketing methods.

Due to this, Negroes own more farms and cultivate more acreage in Brunswick county than in any other in Virginia; they outnumber white farmers by more than two thousand.

Knowing that the greatest educational need of the Negro is in the rural field, St. Paul's has a two-year teacher training course built around rural work. Once a year from fifty to seventy-five young teachers are graduated; they filter out to "bury themselves" in backward sections; they set up lending libraries, flower garden contests, pin money and savings clubs. They have so raised the standards of the rural Negro that a professor of rural education at Columbia University has called the school that trains them "one of the best schools of its type that I have ever seen."

St. Paul's sponsors good health clinics. The school's physician and nurse, with the local dentist and dentist's assistant, move into a community, set up their equipment in the schoolhouse, and announce "clinic day." Men, women and children come to it from miles around. The dentist nails an old galvanized tub to the floor, places a large porch rocker on the tub, and calls for his first "victim"; all day long he fills or pulls teeth, scolds or begs the victims to take

better care of the fine white molars that are (or should be) a matter of pride in the Negro race. The doctor is at it in another room. Bad tonsils worry him most, malnutrition next. Each spring a tonsillectomy clinic is held in the school hospital. The nurses give talks on sanitation, children's diseases, the danger of "home remedies" and the advantages of a balanced diet.

There is an assault on irreligion going on here. The president of the school is the rector of the church; the students attend church and Sunday school on Sunday, devotional services every day. Twenty-six out of the twenty-eight rectors in the Episcopal church in "Southside" Virginia received their early training at St. Paul's.

Two years after Appomattox, John Storer of Sanford, Maine, gave the first \$10,000 to start the trek of ambitious Negro youth toward the four battle-scarred buildings at Harper's Ferry. Today, Storer College has seventeen buildings and a church near the original four structures. There were only two teachers in 1867; now there are fourteen, twelve with bachelor's degrees, six with master's, and one with a Ph.D. At the feet of these teachers have sat three thousand students; one thousand of them have been graduated with degrees and are influencing the economic, industrial and professional life of the South.

Three are college presidents; several have served on the faculties of Howard University, West Virginia State College, Tuskegee, New Orleans University, and scores of high schools. Some are superintendents of schools, high school supervisors, teachers. Two have made outstanding records in the Young Women's Christian Association. There are nineteen doctors, six successful chemists, and other hundreds whose names are not listed in *Who's Who*, but are engraved forever on the hearts of the Negro race.

Like a stone dropped into deep waters sending out its ripples, this college has a circle of never-ending uplift and influence. Archibald Johnson, recently deceased, was a barrister of the Inner Temple in London. Students have come from Africa, graduated and gone back to help their people in Liberia and Nigeria. This year there is registered a young man from Jamaica, a young woman from the Virgin Islands.

In Charlotte, North Carolina, is the Johnson C. Smith University, a "Class A" Negro institution with the usual aims: to prepare those who want training for the ministry, the law, social work or whatnot. Miles away is Davidson, a white college. Once a month, sometimes twice, a small group of teachers and students from each school meet around a discussion table to talk over such problems as segregation, op-

portunities for youth, and the Christian approach to the race question. Around that table we find the captain of the football team, the president of the student body, the head of the Y cabinet. They are frank. They are honest. They are not bitter. They are Christian students of two races trying to find a way out of a bad situation. You can lay your finger on spots in the South where these students, sometimes years after their college days, have put their findings on this problem into practice.

There is a rising feeling in the Negro church against the ineffectiveness of the old-fashioned, overemotional, undereducated teacher and preacher of religion; some men who know say that too many young Negroes are being driven into the ranks of communism because of this, and that steps must be taken to halt it.

There are facts to bear out both statements. One night in Harlem, the most populous Negro community in America, a crowd of three thousand Negroes gathered to honor Colonel John Robinson, who had just returned from Ethiopia where he had served as volunteer aviator to His Majesty Haile Selassie, former Emperor of Ethiopia. The chairman of the meeting rose and announced: "The Reverend ——— will open the meeting with prayer." A roar went up from the crowd: "No! No! We don't want any prayer.

Christianity has failed the Ethiopian. Let's have no prayer for anybody!" Pathetic? Yes. It is more. It is the alarming symptom of a disease of distrust in the church that must be met with something more than a sad shake of our heads.

In the crowd, watching it, was a young minister, the Reverend Horatio Hill, director of the Negro Educational Center in New York's Harlem. He knew all too well what it meant, and he knew the cure for it. He had the cure, at the Educational Center.

Now in its twenty-second year, the Center offers a training to the religious leaders of the race that will make them really efficient teachers and preachers, and help them overcome the objection to the old-fashioned methods of Negro religious education. Mr. Hill's program of courses covers four quarters of six weeks each, yearly. Among his courses are those on teaching religion in the weekday school, the day church schools, the junior department and all the other departments, how to teach the life of Christ to children, on parent education in the church, cooperatives, church history, music programs, the social gospel.

Who studies here? Preachers, church school teachers, laymen, laywomen, children, about two thousand a year! Twenty to twenty-five Negro preachers attend the weekly classes, discussing their problems man to man, listening to lectures by leading theologians

and professors, studying Negro history, Spanish, French, elocution, English grammar.

The teachers are the biggest group; there were eight hundred and fifteen of them last year. They came from Harlem and from Westchester County, from a dozen different denominations, and they formulated these standards for their individual Sunday schools:

1. Our superintendents shall be graduates of an accredited leadership training school.
2. Our teachers shall have completed one year's training in an accredited school of religious education.
3. They shall have a deep Christian conviction.
4. Our directors of music shall have two or more years' training in music.
5. Our secretaries shall have knowledge of business methods.
6. Our leaders of worship shall have training in the technique of conducting worship.
7. Our school shall relate itself to the community's needs.
8. Promotion shall be on the basis of work done, and not on the age of the pupil.

Now that is remarkable. It would be remarkable in a college where finances were not a worry, and where the best teachers were easily procurable. But in a place like Harlem, with a group of people who must finance themselves, and against the background of struggle which the Negro churches have had for

decades, a program as ambitious as this is amazing—and worth copying.

What has it accomplished? Says Mr. Hill: "I can tell in a minute when I visit a Sunday school or church led by a Center-trained preacher or teacher. If the worship is haphazard and inconsequent, if the school is a hubbub, if the whole thing shows carelessness and neglect—well, then it is just another behind-the-times Sunday school or church. But when I go into one led by a Center graduate, I find a feeling of worship in the air, and a quiet sense of God all over the place."

New York knows many such Negro Sunday schools and churches now, since the Center has been at work. And New York knows that there are no objections to prayer here, no claim that Christianity has failed anybody, no recruits for communism.

A crowd of seven and eight year old Negro youngsters were taking a walk one Saturday afternoon in Chicago. Three teachers were with them, carrying pencils and paper. The children talked and the teachers wrote down what they said:

"That vacant lot should be cleaned up. . . . Somebody ought to sweep that alley. . . . The people in that house might wash the windows and put flowers in them. . . . We could cut the grass in that park,

ourselves. . . . The big boys down here might look after the little kids. . . ."

"Who are they?" asked a bystander.

"Oh," was the reply, "just a crowd from the Missionary Training School." Just a crowd deciding what they could do, by themselves, to clean up the town!

The Training School is in the heart of Chicago's "black belt," surrounded by 200,000 Negroes, unemployment, and a tense and bitter race prejudice that more than once has flared into riot. To it come children from nursery to high school age, their lives touched by the bad housing, cheap amusements, taverns, and the destructive influences of any underprivileged area. They get here just what other such groups get in similar church settlement houses; to detail the program of clubs and activities would be to say what we have already said elsewhere in this book. But there is one mothers' club. . . .

The mothers gather at the school to sew and talk about their children and hear doctors and nurses and settlement workers talk about them. They are poor, but mothers who love their children deeply, and who think, as the youngsters that Saturday afternoon thought, of making their section of Chicago fit to live in. Their closing day program last year was a play, "Changing the Commonplace into the Beautiful," a

dramatization of the process of turning a house into a home through the influences of Christian love.

There are really two great problems instead of one in "the Negro problem": discrimination and prejudice, and the lack of opportunity due to discrimination and prejudice. Some white people assume that all Negroes are dishonest, lazy, and irresponsible, and those white people are wrong. Some Negroes assume that all whites are mean, selfish, arrogant, and not to be trusted, and they are wrong. It is only when whites and Negroes try to understand one another and co-operate that they get anywhere.

In Texas, ninety-nine miles east of Dallas, there is a great experiment in cooperation known as Jarvis Christian College. Jarvis started with money raised by the Negroes and land donated by a white man, Major J. J. Jarvis; an interracial committee now carries responsibility for the school, and plans not only the policies of Jarvis but creates understanding and goodwill for it all over Texas. The result is that the whole surrounding community has been served spiritually, educationally, socially, industrially—and healthfully. We could write a chapter on any one of these branches of service. We'd like to write two chapters on the health service alone.

Now health is one of the most important concerns

of the Negro race. The death rate for Negroes in the United States is fifty per cent above that of the whites; there is only one hospital bed available for every 2,000 Negroes in the entire country as compared with one bed for every 150 whites; only twelve hospitals admit Negroes as internes. That is for the whole nation; in East Texas, where the Negro population is greater, the situation is, of course, more acute than "up North."

When the leaders at Jarvis took their first health survey, they found a deep suspicion among the Negroes against modern medicine. Hospitals were looked upon as slaughterhouses; many men and women were proud of the fact that they had never called in a doctor—only to find themselves, too late, in the grip of some incurable disease. There were just two hospitals in the county serving 29,704 people, with a total of four beds for the Negro population of the county. Midwives and not doctors were all too often the only attendants at childbirth. It was an ugly situation, but the men at Jarvis refused to believe that it was hopeless.

They established a clinic at the college; it opened in 1933. Within the first few months three hundred Negroes were examined, teeth were extracted, and diagnoses of everything from common colds to cancer recorded. Some of these cases required operations.

Highly capable white surgeons offered their services. Wassermann tests were given as rapidly as old prejudices were overcome; they revealed a twenty-five per cent infection. An examination of two hundred and fifty students showed a positive throat infection in sixty-five per cent of the cases examined.

The inevitable happened. When the white population of the area saw what was being discovered about the health of the black population, and realized that a disease attacking the poorest Negro could affect the richest white, then cooperation and understanding began to develop. Today the office of Dr. Martin L. Edwards, who directs the clinic and the medical service of the college, is a study in racial cooperation and progress. White people as well as black come to him for medical attention.

On the campus at Jarvis they have a bell; it rings at stated periods during the day, and during those times everyone on the campus pauses for a moment of silent prayer. Its notes are heard by the people in the surrounding communities; they, too, have come to listen for the sound of the bell; they, too, pause a moment to offer their prayers of hope and thankfulness for all this school has done for them. In the fall of 1935 there was a fire at the college, and for days there was no bell to ring. The neighbors complained that they missed the call to prayer.

The voice of the doctor at Jarvis has become as welcome as the sound of that campus bell; the people wait for him, depend upon him; he has sounded among them a note of high hope and courage and trust in the inherent goodness and oneness of men. They are convinced that it is possible for all of us to work together.

It was Aggrey of Africa, that nobleman of God born on the Gold Coast, who used to say, "You can play one kind of tune on the black keys of a piano, and you can play another kind of tune on just the white keys. But if you want to get real music out of your piano, you'd better play on both the white and the black keys." How well he put it! God can produce one kind of melody when he plays upon responsive black men, another when he plays upon responsive whites—but both must respond, together, to produce the melody he wants.

VI: God's Image in Red

AT Plymouth, Massachusetts, where the Pilgrims landed, stands a statue of Massasoit. He was chief of the Wampanoags, and he shows it; he is every inch an Indian king. We look at him there, at his fearless eye, his proud high head, his outstretched hand. We have called him savage and noble red man. In our minds he has been the symbol of a barbarian and of God's image in red. We hear a great deal of what his red brothers did to us, but infrequently of what our white brothers did to them. That is one of the darkest chapters in American history.

When the first white man came, the Indian owned the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He roamed as he pleased, hunted and played and fought when necessary. This world was his own until the first white soldier's blunderbuss poked through the forest underbrush; then he began stepping back.

From Spain came Cortez, De Soto, Ponce de León and their men. Tens of thousands died as the Old World explored the New. The Indians retreated. Some were sought for and saved by missionaries. More died under the advance of soldiery.

New Spain gave way to New France—La Salle, Cartier, Champlain, Joliet with Father Marquette in his long canoe. The priest raised his cross over the Indian village; the soldier bought or stole his land. The Indian retreated further.

Then came the English, to Virginia, New England and Pennsylvania. The aroused Indian made another attempt to keep the country that was being taken from him. But the new forces had superior arms and numbers. The luckless red man moved deeper and deeper into the forests, losing forever his hunting grounds to the invaders.

In the midst of exploitation, missionaries labored valiantly. They came with every boat. John Eliot preached to the Indians; so did Roger Williams, John Wesley, David Brainerd, John Campanius and Johannes Megapolensis. The Quaker William Penn paid well for the Indian lands included in his Pennsylvania colony, for he considered it only right to pay, and around a series of council fires made the famous treaties of friendship "never sworn to and never broken." Then the wagon trains moved Westward, and the Indian came, across the years, to his last refuge: to the reservation.

Just after the Civil War the missionary began a real effort to help these first Americans; he did that partly on his own initiative and partly at the request

of President Grant. The President, just after the Indian wars and massacres of 1867 and as a result of the insistence of the Quakers, turned to the churches for leadership in a more peaceable dealing with the tribes; it is from his administration that much of the organized work with the Indians developed. How that work was needed! Indians were living in lonely wickiups on the desert, in grass huts with holes cut through the roofs for stove-pipes. Thousands slept on the floor or on beds of rabbit skins, eating wild berries, game, seeds. The Indian art and culture was fast disappearing. The despair of a conquered people had settled upon them. They formed a lonely red island in a great white sea.

Into that situation rode the home missionary. He faced the hopelessness of the Indian, the indifference of the white man. And he started two things at once: he set up an altar to create a new faith, and he set up a school to create a new knowledge.

Into the Crow country rode the first of the missionaries, preacher-teachers crossing mountain passes before there were bridges, leaving the main roads and sleeping in the forests, waking many a morning to find their blankets covered with snow. They set up day schools and chapels in strategic centers; the Indians began to drift in, aware after many months that they had some friends among the white men, after all.

There were three separate divisions in our dealing with the Indian. First, we tried to annihilate him; then we attempted to isolate him. And when these two shortsighted policies failed, we began to educate him. At long last, we began to build schools, like Haskell, Carlisle, and Bacone.

On a hill beyond Muskogee, Oklahoma, three men knelt to pray; they were white men, and they knelt on land just turned over by the Creek Indians to the American Baptist Home Mission Society for the building of a school. The three were dedicating the ground, planning a school of college grade for Indians. They named it Bacone College, for Almon C. Bacone, a teacher in the old Creek Male Seminary, a government institution.

No whites need apply at Bacone; it is one hundred per cent Indian. And it is more than a college: it is a three hundred acre study in Christian education. There are still "old grads" alive who finished in the first class of 1885; to that commencement came a group of students standing up in lumber wagons, driving the thirty miles from Tahlequah to Muskogee over roads that were trails full of mud holes. One of them gave nearly thirty years of missionary service among the tribes of western Oklahoma.

But there are also children on this campus. It is the

site of the Murrow Indian Orphans' Home, as well as of Bacone. Recently there arrived at Murrow two San Blas Indians, one Adoniram Judson Iglesias and his thirteen year old brother Claudio. They were welcomed to their new home by John Frost, Jr., a Crow Indian from Montana.

San Blas and Crow—and forty other tribes from fourteen states—roam this campus. There are Narragansets from Rhode Island, a Seminole from Florida, Creeks, Sioux, Choctaws, Poncas. Their fathers struggled with each other and the white man; at Bacone and Murrow their sons are studying the white-and-red designs for living, merging them, creating a new Indian life out of the best of both.

There is an art lodge at Bacone, made of native stone, an eloquent reminder of the Indian art of yesterday. There is a home demonstration and practice house, a little log cabin like so many of those back in the hills from which the students came and to which they will some day return; in this cabin they practise the difficult business of making a plain home beautiful. There is an accredited junior college and students have access to the near-by state normal school. Some of them stay on at Bacone after graduation as faculty members. One of these was Acee Blue Eagle, Creek, former head of the Art Department, and lecturer at the 1935 World Educational Conference at Oxford,

England, on Indian art. Most of them scatter after commencement, out among their own people, teaching, advising, helping, lifting.

One girl came to the campus a timid, frightened youngster. She studied education; today she teaches bravely in a shack sixteen miles off the highway. Sometimes she is paid, sometimes not. Just to be sure of her meals, she lives at home, riding that sixteen miles over the mountains to her schoolhouse in the morning, sixteen miles back at night.

Another Bacone girl in another Indian village teaches school five days a week, holds religious meetings every Wednesday night, a literary society once a week and a sewing circle for ladies once every two weeks. When she first came she boarded in a shanty; there were holes in the walls and the wind and the rain and the snow came through. The United States government thought so much of what she was doing that it built a house and presented it to her, gratis.

A Cherokee graduate gave up an easy teaching job to go out to a difficult Indian settlement. Teaching there, she found, took only five hours a day; the other hours she filled with visiting the homes of parents who didn't see the value of schoolhouse education, who let their children grow as they would. Incessantly, the young teacher visited and talked; tirelessly she discussed sanitation and vaccination and school. She

rode in a wider and wider circle. You could tell how far she had gone by the condition of cleanliness, the ring of intelligence and good health she was drawing with her daily rides. The life of the entire community changed; now it rolls around the little schoolhouse, as a wheel around a hub.

Young Louis Rhodd graduated in the class of '34; he was the first Ponca to gain a college degree. In September he was driven out to a typical Oklahoma Choctaw village. The driver dumped him out in front of an old deserted Methodist meetinghouse, waved good-bye and drove off. Rhodd looked at his "schoolhouse." Windows were out, window frames gone. There were cracks in the floor an inch wide. There were no seats, no desks; only a tottering platform at one end of the room, a dingy playground for spiders.

Rhodd settled down to his job. He found a house to sleep in a quarter of a mile away, but he didn't sleep much. He repaired the windows; he got the county superintendent of education to give him a new floor, and announced his opening day. Thirteen came when he rang the bell; a week later there were nineteen, all Choctaws, and only three of them had ever seen a schoolroom before. Ages: four to seventeen.

While he waited for books, pencils, ink and blackboards to arrive, the teacher told the pupils stories, took them on hikes, catalogued flora and fauna, and

taught them to draw maps of the country they lived in. He staged an old-fashioned chicken pie supper, used the money to outfit a baseball team and sent it against a team of white boys. Never before had the Choctaws done a thing like that.

He talked health: good habits such as inhaling pure air, not coughing or sneezing in others' faces, adequate rest and good clean food. Result: the sick and death rate dropped. At the school lunch hour he taught "proper posture at the table, correct use of spoon, knife and fork and other desirable habits." Result: "I have visited Indian homes and seen children five and six years old coaching their parents in good table manners."

Within the schoolhouse he has set up a small library—books on history, geography and poetry; newspapers; magazines; religious reading materials and bulletins from the Department of Agriculture on soil, seeds, insects, stock, poultry, the marketing of farm produce; bulletins for the women on family health, child feeding, preserving of fruits and vegetables. Once a month he has a mass meeting of people who flock in to his community house to discuss local problems. Before he came, they didn't know they had any community problems to talk about.

Families have moved in from miles around, leaving fairly comfortable homes to live in hastily built shan-

ties so that their children might attend the new school. Rhodd helps them to seal the holes in their shanty walls against the rain and wind and sand.

It isn't his patching activities that are important, but his preventive ones. Here is a Ponca breaking out new paths for the Choctaw. Here is just one Indian boy who has gone into a human desert and made it blossom. No man alive can estimate in dollars and cents the value of this one "Baconian."

There are dozens like him. Bacone has been turning them out since 1885. They are ministers, nurses, government and social workers, lawyers, merchants, teachers. Girls who might have spent their days in a backwoods hogan are living out their lives in Christian usefulness. Young men who might have become derelicts are preaching Jesus Christ. All this goes back to the faith of three men praying on a hill.

Miles beyond the spot where the pavement ends, in eastern Arizona, is the Place of Healing; forty miles off Highway 66 is Sage Memorial Hospital. Sage is a study in man's humanity to man. Every year fifteen hundred sick Indians come to its doors. Most of them go away cured.

There are one hundred and ten beds, an average of eighty-one patients the year round. Twelve hundred more are treated yearly from the field stations.

Treated for everything; mostly for tuberculosis. Out of five thousand cases there have been only three of cancer; there has never been a case of scarlet fever. Surgeons and specialists seem glad to offer their time gratis. A famous bone specialist with a rich practice will give weeks to straightening out the leg bones of a Navajo orphan. An old medicine man, distrustful of white man's science even as he sinks under the ether (they call ether "the deep sleep that kills pain"), wakes up to find the famous surgeon holding his wrist and telling him that never again will he have that sharp pain in his right side. They draw in the ether, quite often, only when the Indian nurse tells them in their own tongue that it's all right. . . . Those nurses interest us.

We are equally interested, of course, in the whole program here; the work at Sage is only a section of the Ganado Indian Mission, of which it is a part. Ganado displays a young army of boys and girls and men and women; it offers study in evangelism, education, medicine, public health, education, community work; it trains in the useful arts of carpentry, engineering, auto mechanics, silversmithing, tanning, farming, dairying, home economics and domestic science. This is all valuable to the Indian's tomorrow. Yet—this little white-gowned girl in the only training school for Indian nurses in the world catches the eye.

The students are Navajos, Hopis, Chickasaws; soft-voiced Pima girls take courses with Lagunas; Creeks study with Assiniboines; Washoes and Paiutes prepare from the same textbook for the same exam. Their forefathers were enemies; today their children sit in the same classroom scheming to use white medical magic to combat pain and outwit death. There are twenty-seven nurses in training, representing seventeen tribes; when their training is finished they are equipped to practise their merciful art in any hospital, anywhere.

So valuable is the Place of Healing that Roman Catholics, Methodists, Jews, Adventists and Greeks are contributing to keep it going. The city of Gallup recently gave \$1,200. The Indians, poor in coin, do their part: they give sacks of beans, fruits, potatoes. An Indian boy arrives with a sheep and leaves it, a little sadly, in the mission corral; an Indian farmer drives in with a load of hay that he might well have used on his own farm. . . .

At commencement two years ago, a Navajo girl stood on the platform, to receive her diploma. The doctor in charge didn't give it to her. He turned to the audience, spoke a few words in Navajo, and down the aisle came an Indian mother in native skirt of green velvet, basque and red deer-skin moccasins. Into her trembling hand went the diploma; she turned with

big tears on her cheeks and put it into the hand of her daughter. The father couldn't come. He was a prominent medicine man among his people, still bound to his superstition and his ancient, outmoded profession.

There are two community stations, Cornfields, twelve miles from Ganado, and Tselani, thirty-two miles away, where educational, religious, social and medical service is carried on for Navajos in isolated sections. At each center lives a worker with her Navajo interpreter; here come the women and children in their native costumes. One day they will bring flour, sugar, salt and yeast for a lesson in bread making. On other days they come in their low, rattling wagons to do the family washing at the center. The sewing machine is always in use. Medical treatments are frequent. And through it all, there is religious instruction, both by example and by the simple services held for these people who live far from the main roads.

All of the work throughout the region for which Ganado is the center started thirty-six years ago with a Presbyterian church established by a few white Presbyterian women who believed in the Indian and his future.

Not many miles from Ganado as the crow flies is the Tucson Indian Training school at Escuela. This is an Indian League of Nations. Half the students are

Pimas; one-third are Papagos; the rest are—anything. One hundred and fifty-three of them, from twelve years old to twenty-two.

They work five days a week, four in the classroom and one outside at hard manual labor. Two thousand students have been at Escuela since 1888; they have studied geography, arithmetic, algebra, cooking, sewing, farming, the New Testament. No student of three years' standing has ever gone out not a professing Christian. Most of them have returned to their desert homes to practise what they have learned at Escuela. They constitute a large part of the religious life of every community where they have settled.

There is, of course, another side to the picture: it is not all progress. There are some sections of the Indian field where it is next to impossible to make any progress at all. There is, for instance, that little town in New Mexico in which two girl graduates of Carlisle met years after commencement. Both had been highly enthusiastic over the great plans they were going to work out when school days were over. Now they met, in New Mexico. One asked the other how she had made out with her fine plans; for reply, her old friend burst into tears. It was answer enough: this girl had met an opposition which had broken her spirit.

"White people don't know what we're facing," said

one brilliant young Navajo graduate who, too, had been deeply disappointed. Well, what is it that they face? It is this: they find fathers and grandfathers holding blindly to the old ways because they fear the new. They find the old snake dance, the old vices of drinking and gambling, the old hopelessness and lassitude that crept over the Indian when he was forced from his wild, free life in the open to live on the reservation. They find that many have tried to get somewhere in the white man's world, failed, and just given up. And all too often the returned student, after a fight, forgets his dream and disappears among those who are content to let well enough alone.

All of them, educated as well as uneducated, face the bitter fact that it is difficult to earn the money necessary to pay for a higher standard of life. Employment is hard to find. An open discrimination is practised against the Indian. He applies for a well paying job among his white neighbors and is told, "Sorry. We don't hire Indians. You'd better go back to your reservation and find work there." But there is no work for him on his reservation! A quiet, well dressed Indian girl applies for a position as stenographer or nurse. She hasn't the knack of the more aggressive white girl of "selling" herself, so she doesn't get the job. What can she do but drift back to her people?

Idleness is forced upon them. Lacking money and

economic security, the Indians are forced to live as they do not want to live, and that produces the inevitable result. Many turn to gambling or to liquor in an effort to forget; liquor and a sense of helplessness are the two greatest stumbling blocks in their road.

It is not a pleasant picture. Perhaps we have painted it in too somber colors, considering the good work that has been done and the advance that has been made. But for the sake of future progress, we must face it. These are the great social and economic problems of the Indian, and they are as much our fault as his. He has not reverted to those lower ways of life because he wanted to, but because he has had an economic situation forced upon him which makes any other choice next to impossible. It is not his job alone to straighten that out. It is ours, too.

Yet, in justice to both the Indian and the white man, let it be said here that it is not always neglect or downright exploitation by the white man that is to blame for the differences and troubles arising between the races. Many times the problems are rooted in a failure of the Indian to understand the white man's customs, and our failure to understand his.

Here is a story to illustrate this problem. A lawyer in a Southern city was persuaded by his wife to take a young Indian girl into his office. He opposed the idea at first; he was afraid she would not come to work

on time or that she would quit some day for no reason at all; Indians, he said, were unreliable. But when he did grudgingly give her a job, he was delighted to find that she was on time every day, and was bright, capable and ambitious. Then suddenly it happened: one morning Mary did not appear for work. Several days passed, and finally the placement office of the government bureau went out to the reservation to discover what it was all about. He found that Mary's honored grandmother had been taken suddenly ill and had sent for the girl. When the officer asked why she hadn't told her employer, her face was a study in amazement. Said Mary, "Why, I never thought of such a thing! I have known my grandmother all my life, but I have known Mr. —— only three months."

A white girl would have known instantly that she must tell her employer before going to the grandmother; but Mary was an Indian, and her customs bade her to go first to the member of her family who was ill. Such differences in background and social usage crop up time and time again; the usual result is that both the Indian and the white man lose their tempers. When they fail to understand one another, trouble comes.

Even so, in spite of obstacles, a great work has been

done by our mission agencies among these native Americans. Their standards of life and living have been raised. They have finer houses and wear better clothes than their fathers did. But this physical improvement is secondary, after all. What really counts is that there has been slowly developing among the young people of the tribes a desire for the higher things of life. They face a new tomorrow, and they offer a more hopeful prayer.

Yet, when we think of the other thousands of Indians who have not been reached, whose lives are still in the deep ruts of the old outworn ways, we realize that, much as has been accomplished, much waits to be done. The real hope lies in the production of more and more forward-looking youth from Bapco, Tucson and a hundred other home mission stations.

VII: North of the Rio Grande

MEXICO! Old Mexico! It is a world of venerable Aztec altars, of buried cities in the jungles of Yucatan, of ancient pyramids with carved plumed snakes crawling at their bases, built no man knows how many centuries ago. It is a land of beauty—of gorgeous desert sunsets, of native pottery and sombreros and guitars, of siestas every day and fiestas every saint's day. And there are volcanoes, social, political and economic, as well as the towering cones of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl.

Nothing has stood still in Mexico, for it is peopled with a race that has been eternally struggling forward. Revolutions, new governments, social upsets and economic reformations have followed on each other's heels. They have come so rapidly in the past twenty years that all the world is interested and watching closely. One wonders why, at times, any Mexican ever wants to leave a land like this, a land with such beauty and such an urge to lift itself up. The answer is: north of the Rio Grande in the United States, he has hoped for better jobs and better wages, and, until recent years, has been able to get them.

Some thousands of Mexicans have always lived here; they didn't have to cross the border. They were here at the end of the Mexican War, and when we decided that the Rio Grande was to be the southern boundary of this country, we found a considerable Mexican population already with us. They have the Mexican color and skin and speech, but they are Americans. Recently a group of young people were taken by their parents, because of the depression, across the line into Mexico. When they tried to return, immigration officials stopped them—and promptly let them go when they found that they were not immigrants, but native-born Americans.

In 1930 there were roughly a million and a half Mexicans in the United States, spread from El Paso to New York. In Texas there were 683,681. Vermont had one. Los Angeles has the second largest Mexican population of any city in the world. That population will probably stay fairly constant, for in 1937 more Mexican babies were born in California than the total number of deportees and emigrants in the same twelve months.

As a laborer, the Mexican is in great demand. He does the manual work of the Southwest and does it cheaply. He is digging out the copper in the mines of New Mexico and Arizona, and inhaling the deadly dust that produces tuberculosis as he digs. He picks

and shells the pecan crop for \$2.50 to \$3.00 a week. He works in factories at a wage of \$4.00 to \$6.50 a week. You will find Mexican women in dress factories, in laundries, as maids in private homes, making anywhere from \$2.75 to \$9 a week. You will find janitor boys in the big buildings, and if you look down the track from your seat on the observation car, you will see that the railroad hand is a Mexican, and that he lives in a box car at the side of the track.

Others follow the harvests. They are in sugar beets in May, cotton in June, fruit in July and August, grapes in September, walnuts and lettuce in the Imperial Valley in the late fall. They range from Pennsylvania to Michigan to the West Coast. Winters, they park their rattle-trap automobiles beside the Pacific and try to outwit starvation until the harvests start again.

For most of them, the Promised Land fulfills few promises. They live in houses hardly worthy of the name. They rent, and renting to Mexicans is a paying proposition for the white landlord. He makes repairs seldom, if at all. He paints a house only when driven to it, never thinks of installing showers or bathtubs; he builds cheap and rents cheap and lets the house fall down when it will.

Even sidewalks are lacking in some of the Mexican settlements of our cities. The city of San Antonio

recently brought a crowd of Mexican strikers into court on the charge of "obstructing the sidewalks." The city lost the case; the defense attorney proved definitely that there were no sidewalks to obstruct.

Their living conditions encourage sickness and death. Low wages—and they are among the lowest in the United States—make their children easy prey to undernourishment diseases. There is a racial segregation, unofficial but effective nonetheless, that denies many of them a chance at education. Recreational facilities are lacking, juvenile delinquency and child crime flourish.

In spots, there is no discrimination against the Mexican. He enters easily into high school and college. Whatever persecution he suffers is at the hands of those who are no credit to their race or creed. And the best friend he has is the Christian American who sees him as a brother to be helped and not as an unfortunate to be exploited. These friends are doing a great deal.

Down in San Antonio is the Mexican Christian Institute, maintained by the Disciples of Christ and cooperating with the Young Women's Christian Association, the Red Cross and a dozen other agencies. San Antonio is a good place for the Institute, for one-third of the town's population is Mexican. They

live in a settlement on the west side; their best-known citizen is Mr. E. G. Luna, one of the directors of the Institute.

The organization began with the building of a church; for years after its founding in 1913, the program was strictly religious. Then up around the church grew other buildings, other activities. There came a clinic.

The leaders saw that the people they must minister to were a sick people. They found babies ill either because their parents had no milk or because they did not know how to feed them. Tuberculosis ran riot; syphilis was a scourge. There was typhoid and there was diphtheria, and there were all too infrequent vaccinations against any disease. There were few clinics anywhere; the county hospital had one and the city health department another, but both were far from the west side. So the Institute proceeded to establish a clinic of its own.

Not just a clinic, but a series of them. Today there is a well-baby clinic, to which mothers come to learn how to keep their children healthy. A nurse from the city health department and a specialist in baby feeding are in charge. If the mothers are able to pay, they do so gladly; if they can't, they find a welcome, money or no money.

There is a pre-natal clinic; twenty mothers a week

come here, learning how to care for themselves before the baby is born. Wassermann tests are given every patient; positive cases are sent to a hospital. There is a general clinic treating everything from cut fingers to chickenpox and cholera; medicines are sold at cost or given free. An injection clinic offers inoculation against typhoid and diphtheria and smallpox. There are lectures once a month on all phases of health. The Institute is San Antonio's first-line trench against illness.

The Institute found itself located in the midst of a population badly in need of education. Every morning from eight to eleven-thirty the trained teachers of the Institute round up the children of kindergarten age and go to work. Faces are washed. Unruly hair is combed. Pants are patched. Thirty-two youngsters from four to six years of age pull their little chairs into a circle and hear teacher tell a simple Bible story; it is the beginning of a teaching about Jesus that will never be forgotten. Here is Miss Leona Hood, kindergarten director, describing a typical day:

"Last week we went to the church yard for an Easter egg hunt. Each child took a basket he had made and when it was full of eggs, we talked about the church bell and went inside to ring it. While we were busy with the bell we noticed the minister standing near the pulpit, so the children gathered around him

for a prayer of thanks and to sing songs. As we went out of the door one child said, 'It is so pretty in there.'

"When they [the children] are six we take them to public school and invite them to come back to the Institute in the afternoon, following school, to join a club of older children. . . . Many of the young people in both the Institute and the church have been coming here since they started in kindergarten. Three of the teachers in the primary department of the church school started here when they were five years old. A minister's wife came one day and said she had attended kindergarten here and wanted to know if we had room for her daughter.

"A Mexican woman who lives next door to our playground says she knows her children are in a good place when they are here, because she has seen so many happy children. . . . Our playground is a very popular place because the children of this community have no place to play except in dirty alleys and busy streets. . . . While they are here in classes or at play we try to provide a wholesome Christian environment in which they may develop into Christian citizens. . . ."

Graduating from kindergarten, the children enter a club. There is a club for everybody. The girls start in a Girl Reserves group, carrying out a regular Young

Women's Christian Association program, carving and painting and weaving those beautiful objects of Mexican handiwork so treasured by travelers in Mexico, and thus preserving a valuable art and folklore; they play soft ball, volley ball. A senior girls' club goes in for cooking, hygiene and home-making; the young women's club (18-25) has lectures and debates on their age problems, stressing always the Christian ideal. A small-girls' club, a sewing club managed by four lay women from the Central Christian Church, a young women's club specializing in ways and means of helping girls less fortunate than they, a grown-up women's club. . . . There is a club for every girl on the west side, and every woman. And a library. There is no other library within two miles. Says Miss Hood, the librarian: "A book about Jesus seldom stays overnight in the library."

Clubs for boys and men! Small-boy clubs, building bird-houses and painting Mexican pictures, visiting the zoo and city hall. The eleven year old club specializes in arts and crafts and ball games with teams of American boys; their prejudices are forgotten in the excitement of hits and runs; Jesus, says their director, is their model. The thirteen year old club takes boys out of pool rooms and dance halls, teaches first aid, sponsors basketball, holds up Pasteur, Livingstone and Lincoln also as models for living. There are more clubs

for fifteen year olds, twenty-five year olds, with programs fitted to their ages.

So the Institute touches every side of Mexican life in San Antonio: health, education, citizenship, religion. And the greatest of these is religion. The main drive at the Institute is to cultivate in men the mind which was in Christ. The hub around which all the activities whirl is the little church building on the edge of the Institute grounds. Says Mr. Luna: "We consider the Institute a branch of the church."

Over in Los Angeles there is a one-man home mission project by the name of Francisco Quintanilla. Captain once in the army of Pancho Villa, he is captain now in the army of the Lord: he is the Reverend Francisco Quintanilla, one of the leading ministers of the City of the Angels.

He was a captain under Villa at seventeen, and he was almost shot to pieces when the band of the revolutionist broke up. Wounded, he lay in hiding for five days with no water and no food. Somehow, he got home; he found it burned to the ground and his relatives scattered. He wandered north, crossed the border, and in the streets of Pasadena he met an old friend, Pastor A. C. Gonzalez, who invited him to come along to a church service. The captain laughed. Church? He was through with all that. He'd graduated from re-

ligion when he became a revolutionist. But something in the invitation of his friend, the minister, warmed his heart. He went with him.

When he came out of the church he was a different man; he had a new grip on himself and a new view of life, and he began to talk of saving men instead of shooting them. The mission helped him go to school. When he finished he wanted to preach, so he was sent to Watts, a suburb of Los Angeles. Watts! What a reputation that town had, in the early days. Watts was wild and woolly. There wasn't much of a chance for a boy or girl to enjoy a decent social life in Watts; there wasn't any religion worthy of the name.

When Norman Taylor of Yale surveyed the ground just before Quintanilla arrived, he reported that the immorality among the 22,000 Mexicans in the vicinity was rarely equaled anywhere in the New World. The young captain knew that, but he went anyway. All his life he'd been a fighter; this looked like a good battleground.

He organized a church in Watts. He built a modest little one-room chapel and opened its doors. A bootlegger dropped in. Business was falling off, for this was just before repeal, and the worried rum runner had forty gallons of liquor on his hands that he didn't know what to do with.

"Destroy it," said Quintanilla. It was destroyed.

"I've got a good gun, too. Paid \$38 for it. What about that?" asked the bootlegger.

"You were \$38 a fool. Smash it." The "gat" was smashed. "Now get on your knees." They got on their knees. When they arose the bootlegger was no more; a new member joined the Mexican Church of the Good Shepherd. He and his family are still members.

A Mexican boy in San Quentin is dressed for his execution; he is to die for a murder he never committed. The minister from Watts drives at top speed along El Camino Real to the office of the governor, submits new evidence and saves an innocent man. The man was worth saving; just before he gave up and prepared to march the last mile he wrote what he thought was his final letter, protesting his innocence and beginning with the words, "Greetings in the precious name of Our Lord Jesus Christ." This might have been Paul writing from Rome.

A medical racketeer is taking money from a poor Mexican, "doctoring" a baby that gets steadily worse. Desperate, the father comes to the pastor; the racketeer is arrested, the child taken to a hospital. In recent months 275 medical cases that might have gone to the racketeers and the quacks have been handled by the church office.

A boy is picked up by the police: he has taken his first step in crime. He is turned over to Preacher

Quintanilla; he forgets his crime and his arrest in the social hall of the Good Shepherd, and goes back to school. "Today," says the ex-revolutionist, "there were forty, and yesterday we had to help thirty. . . . I meet nearly all my congregation, in the first contact, in trouble."

On this ground that Taylor surveyed, the pastor has a Sunday school of 590; he has reached and touched vitally over 7,000 in the last twelve months; he had 77,421 Mexicans in his religious meetings in 1937. His church is no longer large enough. He is so overcrowded that he has to ask his boys and girls to stay away from church so the older folks can get in; he asks the older ones to stay away from Sunday school so the youngsters can get in. In a day when there is too much talk of empty pews he hasn't pews enough.

Like Luna and his associates in San Antonio he fills those pews by putting faith before social service. He instills Christ first and lets the leaven work. Evidently it has worked well, for if you were to glance at his last financial statement you would find this item at the top of the budget: "Servicio Mundial—Ofrenda Misionera—\$110." Which, being rather freely interpreted, means that this poverty-stricken community of Mexicans is contributing the annual sum of one hundred and ten dollars to carry the gospel to other Latins,

Negroes and Orientals within our gates—and, likely, to a few native-born white Americans. Thus have sprouted the seeds cast about by a once discouraged, disgusted, sick and cynical ex-captain under Villa, who was picked up on the streets of Pasadena.

There are others. There are, to be exact, some 375 Mexican evangelical churches in the United States, with more than 30,000 members. These people are here to stay. While some return to Old Mexico, yet the numbers in this country increase slowly and steadily. And if "prosperity" ever comes around that mythical corner again, there will be a new stream of immigration. The thousands here now have not sufficient churches and ministers. What shall we do with more? It is something we should be thinking about, and planning for.

VIII: East Meets West

IT was the lure of gold that brought the Forty-niner across the Rockies or around the Horn. And it was the lure of gold, at about the same time, that brought the Cantonese and the man from Shanghai and Foochow across the wide Pacific; to this very day the city of San Francisco is known by some of the Chinese who live there as "Gold Mountain."

It was not the gold that they might wash out of the California hillsides that they were interested in, but the gold of higher wages than they could ever earn in China. They were ready to work at anything to earn their living—as cooks, house servants, or laborers; it was the Chinese workman who did the great bulk of the hard toil necessary to complete the transcontinental railroad in 1869. By 1860 there were 35,000 Chinese in California; two decades later there were close to 100,000.

America welcomed them at first. They were amiable and hard working. California was in need of labor and encouraged the Chinese to come. There was plenty of room for everybody. What was more, they were cheap; they accepted low wages, and that, eventually,

caused trouble. As more and more American workers drifted to the West Coast, more and more did they object to the competition of the Chinese. It was our own fault. We had brought them here to work for us, and the problem created was one of our own making. We tried to solve it by passing an Exclusion Act in 1882, which slowed down the immigration flood by denying admission to laborers for ten years, but leaving the way open to students, travelers, teachers and merchants. A later exclusion law in 1902 extended the period indefinitely.

But there was another Oriental coming in at the same time. A mere trickle at first, a drop in the American melting pot, came the Japanese. By 1890 there were 2,000 of them here; they too came at the call of American labor, to settle on American soil. Literally, on the soil. They were largely farmers. Farm hands at first, many of them in time saved enough to buy a little land and cultivate farms of their own. They were, and are, largely a rural population.

In the course of human events and American labor troubles, the same thing happened to them that had happened to the Chinese. California for the Californians! America for the Americans! There came, as a result of economic pressure, first the "Gentlemen's Agreement" that slowed down Japanese immigration, then in 1924 our present Immigration Act that stopped

it altogether—and that roused a resentment overseas that still burns deeply.

There are today in this country 138,000 Japanese. Approximately 97,000 of them live in California, and 54 per cent of this 97,000 are engaged in agriculture. There are 70,000 American-born young Japanese enjoying privileges denied their parents. They vote. They are American citizens. They are in the schools making fine records. Between them and their foreign-born parents is the old impassable gulf of national ideas; and they are surrounded by a race prejudice that makes it hard for home missions to do a really good job.

It is interesting to trace our reaction to the Chinese. First it was curiosity, then suspicion, and now it has become sympathy for this stranger in a strange land. The writer remembers a fine Chinese boy who came to join his freshman class in college. For weeks he was the loneliest man in school; then he began to join a club here, another there; his smile was contagious; soon everybody began to like him. At commencement he was one of the most popular men on the campus—and he smilingly took back to China most of the worth-while prizes and honors of the class! Our change of feeling toward "Sam" was coincident with his change of feeling toward us.

Something like this took place when the American

and the American church really got to know the Oriental in this country; he turned out to be completely likeable and amazingly responsive. So responsive that today the percentage of Christians in San Francisco's Chinatown alone is considerably higher than in San Francisco as a whole. This would never have been but for the home missionary.

At 1 Waverly Place, in the very heart of this San Francisco Chinatown, is a Chinese church and mission school. It is a manufacturing plant engaged in producing character; an exterminating plant destroying the barriers between yellow men and white. Established in 1884, the founders saw immediately that while there were riches in American life that should be thrown open to the Chinese, there were also riches in the Chinese language that should be guarded for the enrichment of Americans. They noticed that every Chinese boy or girl went to a separate language school to learn Chinese. Why shouldn't they study it in a mission school? That idea is a tribute to the breadth of vision of home missions.

There came a mission school. It is operating today. It has a kindergarten full of tots, courses for grown-ups and adolescents; there are classes morning, afternoon and night. Tuition, one dollar a month. Average attendance, 120. Upstairs, on the top floor, is one of

the finest libraries of Chinese literature on the West Coast.

The children came to the school; the parents followed to see what their children were learning. They came again, and again, and again. Then they sent their children to Sunday school, and out of it began to flow a stream of Christian Chinese. . . .

Sum Sing came in as a boy in his mother's arms; he stayed to study English in the school. He wanted English; he realized how important it was if he meant to get along in America. He learned quickly. He might have been a big success in America, if it hadn't been for another idea that got into his head. Sum Sing decided that he wanted to go back to China and tell the people in his home town of the Christ he had met in the San Francisco mission. He went. He left a church behind him in China, came back to the States, and for thirty years served as a colporteur, distributing Bibles and tracts to Chinese in America.

Lee Park Linn was also brought in by his mother, so small he could scarcely walk. Today he is a deacon in the church; he and his family have supported it when the going was hardest. His daughter is a Chinese doctor; she runs a club of Chinese teen-age girls in a little Methodist mission in Stockton. Last St. Patrick's Day the women of the Stockton church gave a party for the club.

Try to see what is going on here: a second-generation Chinese girl, a Baptist doctor, works in a Methodist church with Chinese girls, and brings them to an Irish St. Patrick's Day party, assisted by American women. What's happened to race prejudice here? To nationalism and to denominationalism?

Just across the bay from Berkeley is the Chung Mei Home. The uninformed call it an orphanage. That's wrong. It is a Christian refuge for underprivileged Chinese boys; here are orphans, half-orphans, deserted boys, neglected boys, boys from broken or unfit homes, problem boys, delinquent boys—any kind of boy who needs a second chance at life.

Once he passes the threshold of the home, he leaves a world of misunderstanding and rebuff for one of kindness and sympathy and cooperation. He lives in an atmosphere that is wholesome and congenial. He finds himself in the hands of people who consider him not a "bad" boy but a potential good man.

Harry Ah Moy came to Chung Mei with a police record; the cops said he was "just a bad egg." The school authorities had given him up; all the truant officers in California couldn't have made him go to school. It took his father and a police officer to get him to the home; by way of introduction the parent offered a five-page typewritten report of his son's

misdeeds. The boy sat down to talk things over with the superintendent.

Said the superintendent, "You're a pretty bad boy, aren't you, Harry?"

Said Harry Ah Moy feebly, "Yes, sir."

"I don't believe it," said the superintendent. "I don't believe you're bad at all, and I won't believe it until you prove it to me."

Harry gulped. If a bomb had been let off under his chair he couldn't have been more startled. This is treatment typical of Chung Mei. No boy is bad until he proves himself bad; the staff just won't believe it. It works. It worked with Harry. The hang-dog expression faded, the chin came up and a little smile began to play about the lips that were supposed to be the permanent home of a resentful snarl.

He lived at Chung Mei for a year and a half; the boy whose father wanted to be rid of him because he would "never help around the house" carried his full share of work in his new home, and liked it. He made a good record in school, joined the church, went back home to finish high school and to help his younger brothers graduate. His father died, and he went to work to support the whole family. Says his employer of Harry Ah Moy: "He is splendid . . . reliable . . . trustworthy . . . conscientious. . . . I wonder how I could ever run this business without him."

Lee Chang got into so many scrapes with the cops that a feature writer in a newspaper dubbed him "Lee Chang, the Incurable." From his tenth trip to the juvenile court he came to Chung Mei, where the staff insisted he wasn't bad but only adventurous, with a courage that made him ready to face any hardship or penalty for his adventures. They gave that adventurousness a new outlet—in athletics; he got good food and a new host of friends and a little hard work. They put Lee in the wood yard, the punishment work of the home, and gave him a new name. They called him Robert E. Lee!

Today he is in charge of the wood yard. He rules it with all the ability and assurance of the famous general, and his "men" love him as the Confederates loved their leader.

Eddie Tong, an "alumnus," taught a Sunday school class in the First Baptist Church of Berkeley for three years (in it was the son of Chung Mei's superintendent, the son of the pastor of the church), and then he went to China to teach in a Baptist school.

Howard Deah is active in young people's work in Canton; Benjie Wu is a leader in another Chinese church in San Francisco; George Chow, Victor Young, Albert Young, Jones Lem and William Long are young people's workers.

The files of the Chung Mei office are full of names,

accomplishments, rebuilt lives, stories of local problem boys who have made good.

Among the older generation of Orientals in the United States it is not only language but adjustment that is the great problem. Adjustment to the Occidental way of living; adjustment to Western habits, ideas, morals and faith. To meet that, we have the Japanese and Chinese churches.

They are everywhere that Orientals are found, offering services in the native tongue in the morning for the adults; in English in the Sunday school for the young people. Some are guided by Americans; most of them have their own native pastors and teachers; through them the older folks are made to feel that in Christianity they have a great common bond with their American neighbors, and youth is carried over a difficult adjustment period.

Now those churches have worked well. Out in Los Angeles, in a high school which has fifty Japanese students in a total of twenty-four hundred, there are four basketball teams; three of those teams elected young Christian Japanese boys as captains. That speaks well for their ability and character.

We quote from the report of a home mission worker among older Japanese in Colorado:

"The phone rang. The representative of the Ameri-

can Harvester Company picked up the receiver. A farmer down in the irrigated section was calling: 'Do you have anyone around here with a machine that would cut my short wheat on that high ground? . . . It's too short for my binder.'

"The Harvester man thought a moment: 'I can't recall anyone right now.' . . . The next day he drove out to the farmer's ranch. 'I've located a combine for you,' he said. 'There's a Japanese farmer just down the road that bought one from me a year ago. I think he'll cut your wheat for you.'

" 'Oh, that Jap,' said the farmer. 'Well, we don't like Japs moving into this valley. None of us Americans have anything to do with him.'

"Just then a car came down the road. It was driven by the Japanese newcomer. The Harvester man hailed him and introduced him to the surprised American farmer. The Japanese acknowledged the introduction with a polite bow. The farmer grunted. But the Harvester man broke in.

" 'My friend here has some wheat to be cut,' he explained. 'I told him that you had one of our combines. Do you still have it?'

" 'Oh, yes.' .

" 'This wheat's on the highland and too short for the binder. Would you be willing to cut it for him?'

" 'I would be glad to do so,' said the Japanese.

"The farmer turned to the Japanese shortly. 'What'd you charge me?' he demanded.

" 'I would not charge you anything,' was the reply. 'You are my neighbor.' "

Home missions at short range is a splendid test of Christian character. This Japanese farmer was the product of a missionary church. . . .

The work of home missions does not always result in success and victory; some of it is hard, grueling, day-in-and-day-out labor that may or may not show a good result when it is done. There is, for example, the work done among those coming into this country through the immigrant receiving stations, Ellis Island in New York and Angel Island in California. Here are gathered some of the unhappiest people in the world; men and women who have left home, friends, everything, to try their fortunes in a strange land. Leaving home is a hard experience for anyone; leaving one's own country and going to live among total strangers is more than difficult. It is an experiment in human misery.

Some of those at Ellis Island and Angel Island pass through to the new land quickly, happily; some are sent back home, and they go forlornly. Some others are held in suspense for days and even weeks, not knowing how the fates will deal with them. Low Shee

was like that. Low Shee was a cultured, aristocratic girl from the Orient who came to California, alone, to join her husband, Wong Lee, a prosperous merchant of San Francisco. Seven years had Wong Lee waited for this day; he had saved his money and sent for his wife—and when she arrived he found her detained at Angel Island. The doctors would not pass her; she needed, they said, medical attention and perhaps an operation. Low Shee was bewildered, in tears, and, except for the equally bewildered Wong, without a friend on this side of the Pacific.

Late one night the matron in charge heard a noise; she tiptoed to the end of the room and found Low Shee looking longingly through her window at “the promised land.” Questioned, Low Shee said she could not sleep; that she was waiting here for a strange woman she had heard about that day, a woman known as Kuan Yin, the Chinese name for “Goddess of Mercy.” Kuan Yin came out every day from San Francisco aboard a small steamer, sent by her church, to see what she could do for the lonely ones on the Island. And Low Shee, suspicious and almost fearful of everyone, had come to put her trust in this strange “church woman,” as in no one else.

Kuan Yin arrived early in the morning; she sat at the bedside and broke to Low Shee the difficult news that there must be an operation. Low Shee’s hand

trembled in that of the missionary, Kuan Yin. The hand was quieter when Kuan Yin prayed: "Dear Father of us all, look with compassion upon thy child Low Shee, and if it be thy will heal her frail body and give unto her this day the peace that passeth all understanding." Said Low Shee, in a low whisper, "*Sing sum soh yuen!*" ("With my whole heart do I desire it!") She was quite calm when they wheeled her into the operating room.

When Wong Lee was finally allowed to see her, days after the operation, he was amazed. Low Shee was sitting up in a chair, laughing. "Is it that I dream?" said Wong Lee. The strained look of terror was gone from the girl's eyes; the awful ache of loneliness was missing from her heart. How, *how* had it happened, asked Wong Lee. The girl explained:

"Kuan Yin is kind. She built a bridge of love from her heart to mine and Jesus walked across."

The work of Kuan Yin is typical of the daily service of the missionary, and in the words of Low Shee you will find summed up the whole purpose of home missions. It is to build a bridge of love between all peoples, whatever their color, creed or condition—just to build the bridge, and let Jesus walk across. . . .

IX: The Outposts

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS came ashore in 1492, planted the flag of Spain and the cross of Christ in the sand of a new world and called it "The West Indies." He was sure that he had found the western shores of the mythical India, but he was wrong. He was nowhere near India, though he was, in his own words, looking upon "the most beautiful land eyes ever beheld." The natives had another name for it: "The Land of Enchantment."

The enchantment increased as new explorers came to find more islands. Soon on the charts of the navigators the West Indies had become an archipelago of twelve hundred islands stretching from Florida to South America and lying squarely at the junction of the Atlantic and the Caribbean. Names were given: Cuba, Santo Domingo, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, the Bahamas. They were lush tropical islands, blessed with eternal summer.

Cortez, Pizarro, Balboa. The conquistadores and the grandees! These were the first white visitors and inhabitants. Behind them came explorers, adventurers, traders, missionaries. Some took what they could and

hurried on; some few settled down at this crossroad of the seas. They carved out great estates, enslaved the natives, built forts and even churches.

Spain held the islands for over four hundred years, until the Spanish-American War; with the peace, one of the richest islands, Puerto Rico, fell to the United States. Later the Virgin Islands were acquired by purchase from Denmark. What has happened in these American possessions and in the island republics within the single generation since the war with Spain is an epic written by army engineers, school teachers, doctors and missionaries.

When the war ended, the land of enchantment had still its sunshine, palm trees, and slow pace of life. But it had also roads that were often impassable in bad weather; it had poverty, slavery and fear; it had poor housing, yellow fever, malaria and hookworm. Schools were rare.

What has happened in four decades? The automobile is seen as frequently as the ox cart. Doctors have come from America and others have arisen from the islands themselves to fight disease. Great sugar and tobacco plantations have sprung up. And from them has come another problem—the modern one of absentee ownership, and a people working on the land but having none of their own. The economic welfare of the West Indies is one of the goals of home missions.

Although there is much yet to be done, a great deal has already been accomplished on this field. In the first place, the method of procedure was revolutionary.

After the soldiers came the missionaries. They represented all denominations, all churches, all creeds. This was a big field, anybody's field. It might have turned out to be a highly competitive scramble, if church leaders hadn't seen the wisdom in concerted effort and unity.

The West Indies became an experimental laboratory for denominational cooperation. The Protestant church in the Dominican Republic, for instance, is called the Dominican Evangelical Church; there is a Board for Christian Work in Santo Domingo composed of Methodists, Presbyterians, and United Brethren. "What do they mean by these names—Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, Disciples?" asked one puzzled Dominican churchman. "We are all Christians!" In Cuba, without any definite arrangements, each denomination specialized in certain territories, and did not compete with other Evangelical churches.

In Puerto Rico seven denominations came in at once. They sat down to talk it over before they entered; they agreed to divide the territory so that each church would be responsible for a certain area and no more. They were Baptists, Presbyterians, Christians, Disciples, Congregationalists, Methodists and United Breth-

ren, but they forgot all that. They organized an Evangelical Union that breathed a spirit of Christian unity into their work; that gave them a united front. They built, within a few years, the Evangelical Seminary, a union seminary to train evangelists for their major task: the bringing of a whole people to a new consciousness of Jesus Christ.

Now, there are seminaries and seminaries; every denomination in the United States has its ministerial training school. But there are few indeed where all the denominations have their young parsons studying the same courses at the same time. To do that is an achievement anywhere. The Evangelical Christian forces of Puerto Rico did it: they are training a young, native ministry under one roof, sparing them denominational differences, and, against the common background of race and language, giving them a common gospel to preach.

Ninety per cent of the West Indian ministers come out of this one seminary at Rio Piedras. They are working in Puerto Rico, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Venezuela, Colombia, Costa Rica, El Salvador, and in Brooklyn, New York and Chicago! They are preaching on the street corners of Ponce, Caracas and the Bronx. They have driven deep into the jungle, into the mountains and the hills, to build schools, churches and clinics.

Two hundred thousand of the finest citizens of Puerto Rico have been brought by them under the influences of evangelical religion; out of these ranks have come the great forward movements for prohibition, social welfare, public morals. These are crusades sponsored by people who grew up in the mission Sunday school, and preached from hundreds of native pulpits every day in the week. The word "native" is important here, for a fine, strong native church is slowly but surely taking root, under a purely native ministry trained at Rio Piedras. This has come about as a result of the close cooperation between the Christians of Puerto Rico and the missionaries from the mainland; the ultimate aim of missions here, as in the Orient, has been a self-supporting, indigenous church.

In the School of Tropical Medicine, San Juan, is a bust of Dr. Bailey K. Ashford, who fought the scourge of hookworm in the early days. A few years ago the hospital staff noticed that fresh flowers were being placed daily beside the bust. It puzzled them until they set a man to watch and discovered that every morning the poor peasants of a near-by country district sent some one of their number in with the fresh floral tribute to the man who had given his life for them. Ashford was one of the first of the great physicians of

Puerto Rico; today a young army of doctors and nurses are in training. The Presbyterian Hospital, San Juan, is one of the outstanding hospitals of the world, rated Class A by the American Medical Association and training ninety per cent of the nurses of Puerto Rico. There are Episcopalian and Congregationalist hospitals and others, yet they never duplicate one another's work. They cover a territory in which, before they came, there was no hospital at all.

The Hospital Internacional looks out across the blue Caribbean from the shores of Ciudad Trujillo. It is a union hospital, ministering to everybody; last year fifteen thousand patients came in from sixty miles to the west, seventy miles to the east, seventy-five miles to the north—on donkey back, afoot or in ox carts. It is the only school for the instruction of nurses in the Dominican Republic, and its influence has gone far beyond the bounds of the country. A British sailor tells this story about Internacional:

He was caught at sea with appendicitis, on a freighter en route to Lisbon and one hundred and fifty miles from the Island. There was no doctor aboard, so the captain radioed for help to the British gunboat *York*; the *York's* doctor came aboard, but he didn't dare operate on the tossing freighter, and recommended that the patient be taken ashore. The captain radioed again—this time to the British minister at

Ciudad Trujillo, who in turn called Hospital Internacional. At three-thirty next morning the patient went over the side in a stretcher and in less than an hour from the time he reached shore Dr. Damiron was operating. His life hung by a thread for twenty-four hours, but he lived!

There are innumerable schools in the West Indies. Day schools. Sunday schools. Grade schools. High schools. Colleges. Vacation schools. Out of them have come Christian doctors, lawyers, nurses, teachers and ordinary citizens with a Christian way of looking at things; the mark of Christian evangelism is on them, in them. A leading lawyer, opening his case in court, turned to the district attorney with, "My understanding of the principles of justice probably varies a little from yours because I was trained in an Evangelical Sunday school." "Oh, yes?" said the district attorney. "You don't say so. So was I!"

The chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico was a mission school boy. So was the dean of the College of Education, the commissioner of education, and the chief of civil service. So was Dr. José N. Rodríguez, young and outstanding municipal doctor, and Dr. Landrone, known to medical men all over the Indies. There are cabinet members, senators, judges—there are leaders in every profession and business who grew up in mission churches.

There are the ordinary citizens we spoke of—men and women in the smaller cities and towns, off the beaten track, back in the hills and mountains. A veteran missionary, who spent his early days riding or walking back into the almost impenetrable hills to communities and people who were cut off from the world of schools and churches and opportunity, tells of his return to one mountain town, more than twenty years later:

“It is significant that today one drives into this town over a beautiful highway. We stopped in front of a lovely little home and were greeted by those who in former years had been the first members to attend the little Sunday school. It was hard going for them in those days. They were ridiculed by their neighbors and scorned by the society of the town, to which they naturally belonged, but they stood firm. As we sat in this home the sisters and their families who lived near by dropped in to see us. A car drove up in front of the house with the husband of our hostess, a professor in the university. All the girls had taken higher education courses; all of them had graduate diplomas; all of them had trained for graduate work. One was conducting a clinic—another was teaching in the public schools. Our hostess had been educated in the North, the professor occupied a chair of history in the university and he seemed so well informed that we

wanted to get his point of view. As we sat there and talked, my mind went back to the early days and I realized that this family and their associates have become the center of the finest life in the town."

There is a saying in Banes, Cuba, to the effect that "the best bread you can eat is Quaker bread." All the town eats it; even those who haven't the least idea why it is called Quaker bread ask for it. And thereby hangs a tale.

The Quakers of Banes are a quiet, harmonious group of people with the social and religious vision of their church; they believe in cooperation and not in competition; they believe in serving God by serving man. Being Cubans, they are in a position to know at first hand the problems of their countrymen. Two years ago they made a careful study of the needs of their people. They found the country districts in the fifteen-mile radius around Banes filled with neglected farmers. They found that ninety-five per cent of the rural folk in that district were the victims of one or another of the countless disease-carrying parasites that spread sickness and death almost at will. They found a woeful state of ignorance all around them, a woeful scarcity of schools and education; they found also a significant lack of churches and meetinghouses. They found all that . . . and decided to attack it.

They mapped out six locations in that fifteen-mile radius, each of which was to be a mission station with a chapel and a school. A teacher and a preacher were to be put in charge at each station, and a combination school and church building planned. This building would be a meetinghouse for religious services, a school in which both young people and adults might learn to read and write, and a social center. Even before they had their buildings, they were gathering in the people in their district—for singing parties! They have restored in Banes a fine lost art of the people: the art of singing folksongs. Then they took the next step: they gave a series of talks on hygiene, health, and home economics.

That was an ambitious program—and funds to finance it were hard to get. But there was an ambitious group ready to put it through and build those school-meetinghouses and raise the money, somehow. At first there were but ten people in the little company resolved to do this job. Only ten, but mark their ages: *they were from sixteen to twenty-five years old!* A budget of \$1,200 was drawn up (a lot of money, anywhere). The members of the Friends' Church were asked to give, and they did, liberally. But it wasn't enough. Then it was that the young group decided on the bakery.

They bought an old bakeshop that wasn't doing

very well, swept it, scrubbed it, put in new, shining equipment, and baked their first batch of the "staff of life." It was good—so good that they baked more in the next batch. It began to be said around Banes that these Quakers paid the best wages in town, and offered the most considerate schedule of work hours in Cuba. It also became known that this shop was a "co-operative." The Friends who supported it shared in reduced prices; the retailers in Banes were glad to buy at a slightly higher price, which gave the shop a little profit to invest in those schools and meetinghouses. Soon the farmers' wives out in the country were stepping up to the pack horses and carts that brought them their food and asking, "Have you got that Quaker bread today?"

In July of 1936 the shop made an eleven per cent profit. Not much, but good enough, as a starter; today it is making more. And every penny of that profit is going into home mission work for the neglected farmers of the countryside. There is also a cooperative bank; out of its profits the Friends pay the teachers who are serving in the rural areas, and offer an occasional scholarship to a promising student in some one of the six schools.

All in all, that bakery is remarkable. It is an adventure in cooperation. It shows what can be done when there is really a will and a zeal. And *it has been done*

without one cent of help from the American Friends' Board of Missions in the United States! Bread has indeed become "the staff of life" in Banes—thanks to the devotion and courage of a group of ten, aged sixteen to twenty-five.

From the coral strands of the West Indies to the icy mountains of Alaska, as the crow flies, is fifty-five hundred miles. That's a long jump, but home missions has made it: at Nome we find another cooperative hospital, another federated church.

Puerto Rico is about 95 miles long and 35 miles wide, containing 3,435 square miles. It is crowded with 1,543,913 people, or 449.5 people to the square mile, a population density greater than that of India or China. Alaska has 586,400 square miles and only 59,278 people. West Indians are largely Spanish, Negro or both. But in Alaska lives the typical man-of-the-melting-pot, with the blood of half the earth's races in his veins.

When our Secretary of State bought Alaska for two cents an acre, people called it "Seward's Folly." It was supposed to be a barren waste, an icy no-man's land, hardly worth two coppers an acre. But it turned out to be one of Uncle Sam's wisest investments; the land was rich in gold, silver, platinum, copper, oil, gas, lumber, fish, meat and fur.

When the first missionary arrived at Point Barrow, the tiny town on the northernmost tip of North America, he found a few Eskimo lodges scattered along the icy shore and a wooden shack or shelter house for ice-bound or shipwrecked sailors. Today Point Barrow is a clean little town of well built frame houses, boasting a population of two hundred and fifty. In the midst of the huddle of houses a steeple rises: the steeple of the church and the farthest north beacon light in America for lost men. In its shadow is the manse, and down near the water's edge is the hospital. The first to live and work here was Dr. Henry R. Greist, minister, doctor, surgeon, shepherd of a thousand-mile parish, whose job it was to prove that no spot on earth was too far away for God to reach.

Men and women in that country once took death for granted; they were too isolated and alone to fight it off. Many a man died in the snow who might have been saved, and many a baby choked to death for want of a doctor. So the missionary started a hospital which, in 1936, was transferred to the government. This is worth remembering, for many times home missions plays the part of pioneer on some such project, developing it, then turning it over to some other agency better fitted to maintain it.

The present hospital is up-to-date and well equipped, with beds for twenty patients. A complete

medical and surgical service functions twenty-four hours a day. The clinic treats five thousand yearly.

Many of the patients are "mushed in" by dog sled, hundreds of miles across the ice; many a night an unannounced sled comes to a stop before the door, the huskies drop in the snow—and in a matter of minutes an operation is being performed on a total stranger bitten a week ago by an enraged polar bear. Others, too weak to be moved, are treated in their hidden igloos or snow-covered cabins. Out of this hospital is coming a stream of graduate nurses who will "mush in" on their dog sleds of mercy for long years to come.

Dr. Greist retired in 1936, after sixteen years of service, but the mission church carries on its ministry of helpfulness in this northernmost station.

A famous visitor has given an interesting description of this community. A few years ago Anne Morrow Lindbergh, with her husband, stopped for a week-end while they were flying "north to the Orient." They settled their plane on the waters of the lagoon near the hospital. They were surprised to find such a modern medical institution in this remote spot. They were amazed at the happy, smiling faces of the Eskimos. And both were deeply interested in the mission herd of reindeer. Residents explained that reindeer were not native to Alaska; they were imported from Siberia fifty years ago by a missionary, Dr. Sheldon Jackson,

who hoped thus to help the people solve their problems of food and clothing.

There are mission homes in Alaska. Homes for the old and the sick—and the young. From the latter have come young people of whom the Territory is proud. Among them are Billy Blackjack, son of Ada Blackjack, the only survivor of the vivid Wrangel Island adventure so dramatically described by Steffanson in *The Friendly Arctic*; Benny Benson, whose design for the flag of Alaska—the Great Dipper and the North Star on a field of blue—was accepted officially as the territorial emblem; Ephraim Kalmakoff, the famous marathon runner known from Seward to New York. Snatched from an early death or from youthful degradation in the frontier saloon, they are being trained for useful living.

One of the forty orphans in the Kodiak Children's Homes poses a question: "The people from the States write us letters and ask us what the Eskimos eat and wear. Do they think we are all Eskimos?" One good look at the youngsters in these homes will convince anyone that Alaska is a human League of Nations. Almost without exception, these children have some Aleut Indian blood in their veins. Yet anybody would know that "Patsy" Sullivan is more Irish than Indian; that Georgie Yoshida's forebears were Japanese; that

the tow-headed, blue-eyed girls over in the corner have either a Scandinavian or a German ancestry; that this stolid, big-shouldered boy near the window comes from one of the Russian pioneers. It makes no difference to the staff; they are all—children.

Three units of the institution are at Kodiak, and one on Spruce Island, built to train youth for the two main occupations of Alaskans. There is as much farming as fishing up there, so part of the children specialize in agriculture and dairying, and part of them learn the rudiments of salting, drying and pickling fish. The young farmers have had their triumphs: they have produced an eight-pound turnip, two-pound beets, one-pound carrots. Some of the older boys work during the summers in the Kodiak cannery; the superintendent of the cannery writes to the superintendent of the home: "I can get plenty of boys, but none like yours. They are fine fellows." That spells a lot of hope for the future of the industry in Alaska.

There is a lot of fun in home mission work: it is not all grueling labor against impossible odds. At the Jesse Lee Home in Seward, for instance, there is a laugh a minute. Nanoona (Little Polar Bear) provided more than his share. He came to the home when he was seven years old, swathed in furs and wearing mukluks (moccasins) on his feet. He got his first pair of shoes

at Jesse Lee, and he had an awful time with them. They were stiff, and he had a lot of spills trying to learn how to walk in them; most of the spills came because he was always putting them on the wrong foot! He did not try to walk downstairs; that was too much; he became the best banister-slider in the home. Eventually he learned to walk downstairs; and eventually he learned the Morse code and wireless. Today he is a wireless operator on the Pacific Coast; his sister, who came with him to the home, is a registered nurse.

Here is another story of Jesse Lee Home. A young man driving his dog team across the Alaskan wastes some years ago came across another sled half covered with snow. The dogs had chewed their way out of the harness and disappeared. The driver was dead. But deep in the furs was the driver's twelve year old daughter. The rescuer took the girl back to his village, and left her there for the winter.

The girl grew, went to Tacoma to school, and at eighteen returned to Alaska to marry the man who had saved her life. A year later a son was born. A baby girl followed a year after that, and the mother died in childbirth; the two children were taken to Jesse Lee Home. The boy was bright. He went from one school to another; he came to the States to study medicine, but he never got to it. At the home he had found a dilapidated old organ on which he learned to pick out

a few tunes; music became his major interest. He was so good at it that it crowded out his desire to study medicine; he got a scholarship in music. Then came concerts and the radio. Simeon Oliver has been heard all over the continent.

He has sung and played—and talked about his people in the North. He says: “We of the North have an incentive to make good, aside from the personal one. We want to show that the men and women of our race, when given a chance, can contribute their part to the whole American life.”

“What matters it?” asks a fine poet who borrows of Alaskan imagery:

What matters it, creed or color? What matters it, name
and nation?

Since Calvary's cross is for every man the blest totem
of salvation?

There you have it. There is the program and the aim of home missions from Nome to Puerto Rico: an inclusive church affecting the whole of American life, a church for all peoples, a house of prayer in whose pews is the great, needy family of mankind, thirsty for a common faith, worshipping a common God and striving for a common Christian philosophy that will make for nobler living and a better earth.

X: The World of Work

GEORGE JONES is one of the best machinists in the state of Michigan. He does what is called "precision work" in a tool factory. It is a highly skilled, well paid job, and George and his family live comfortably during the months he has work. The trouble is that the factory is closed about four months out of every twelve, and through no fault of his own George is unemployed and his family suffers part of the year. One-third of the American people, says President Roosevelt, face parallel economic problems; they are living below the American standard. The Industrial Committee of the National Resources Committee reports that in the year 1935-36 one-third of all American families and individual consumers had incomes of less than \$780 a year, and one-half had less than \$1,070.

Insecurity in employment has increased along with the development of new machines that make drastic reductions in the ranks of workers. World economic conditions have brought grave problems both to employers and employees. The worker loses his job through no fault of his own; he takes a poorer job and loses that; he takes a still poorer one, just to keep body

and soul together. Professionally trained men are driving taxicabs; we know an architect who is caddy at a country club. Hunger threatens and the landlord blusters. The wolf moves in from the doorstep to the front parlor.

It does no good to say, "Oh, well, even Jesus said the poor would always be with us!" That is more often an excuse for doing nothing than a statement of truth. Our problem isn't one of poverty, but of unemployment and economic upset. If we had really taken Jesus seriously and obeyed his commandments, we wouldn't have any such conditions. Some of it, of course, may be due to the lack of ability in some of the "poor" to save their money or to train themselves for better jobs—but not all of it. Our great problem is one of correction and adjustment.

But while we are correcting and adjusting, someone must take care of people. Someone must offer emergency relief to tide them over. There are many agencies—local, county, state and national—doing their best to help. And the church is busy doing its share, both in relieving poverty and in agitating for legislation that will lay the ax at the roots of the evils that cause poverty. There are Thanksgiving baskets given to the poor from countless hundreds of churches, and there is the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America on the job three hundred and sixty-five

days a year trying to educate us out of the necessity for the Thanksgiving basket. There is Brooks House, in Hammond, Indiana. . . .

Brooks House was located in a "hot spot" in the city where racial strife and social conditions were made more difficult by the depression. The Christian ideals the House stood for had been under fire; it all became suddenly worse when the banks—every one in town—failed and closed their doors. Whole families lost their life savings; unemployment began to pile up. They grew tired of searching for the corner round which prosperity waited. They began to cry for relief.

Relief came first through private sources, then through public and Federal revenues. Even that fell short, and Brooks House stepped in. The House gave aid to 7,500 individuals, to 1,500 families. It gathered and distributed, free, countless pieces of clothing, thousands of articles of furniture, hundreds of tons of coal and cords of wood. Carloads of foodstuffs were given out; quick trips were made to Michigan for apples and tomatoes to feed the swarm of hungry surging against the door.

When families failed to pay their rents and eviction notices came, they brought them to the House. Scores of families were placed in new homes. Many a mortgage foreclosure has been delayed and even stopped

as a result of the friendly visit and pleading of one of the Brooks House staff.

Hardest hit in all Hammond were the single men. They were hired last and laid off first; the longer they stayed out of work the harder it was for them to pay board. Brooks House saw the trouble immediately and threw open the "Brooks House Emergency Hospice for Single Unemployed Men." That was too long a name to pronounce, so it became just "The Roost," and those who lived in The Roost were the "Roosters." They were housed, fed, often clothed. In December of 1930, at the end of the first year of the depression, there were thirty Roosters; today there are two hotel buildings housing over one hundred and feeding over two hundred with two good meals a day. The men take care of the buildings, serve the meals and wash their own dishes. Through the summer they work on the eight-acre farm, raising their own food; all year round they have their programs of recreation. There are religious services for those who care to go. Petty thieving and begging in the neighborhood has almost stopped; the men are no longer "floaters."

When it became increasingly apparent that many of the stricken families in the surrounding blocks could not live on the food they bought with their relief checks, the House opened up another project: the Brooks House Garden Acres. Each family was given

a plot of ground 50 x 125 feet in size; they ploughed it, planted it with onions, potatoes, tomatoes, cabbages. Monthly "farm meetings" were held for the city-bred farmers, in which they discussed plans for cooperative policing and watering. Last year there were 253 garden plots and a harvest of 231 tons of produce. So far this year there are over 700 applications on file, and the end is not yet in sight.

The benefits of this are obvious. The gardens have kept many an idle hand out of mischief. Wholesome interests have replaced melancholy broodings. Community morale has been tremendously improved. The Christian ideals of Brooks House are no longer under fire, for they have become the ideals of a community.

Youth has its chance in the Brooks House Roost. Youth, being lively and ambitious, gets a good many chances in these hard times that are denied those of the older generation. There is an employment deadline of thirty-five now in some great industries. What about those over thirty-five? What of those over sixty, or seventy?

The old man or woman out of a job has always been a greater problem than unemployed youth; usually the answer has been the poorhouse, the old folks' home or expensive charity. Sometimes that was the only answer. But some of them are anxious to work; some

have toiled all their lives and met unmerited disaster not of their making. Some with fine characters are repulsed at the offer of charity. What they want is a job. Goodwill gives them jobs.

Goodwill is an institution; the full name is Goodwill Industries. Its motto: "An enterprise designed to give not charity but a chance." There are (according to my count) 104 Goodwill Industries stations in as many American cities. It is a network of constructive recreative help for those too old to find a job elsewhere, for those who are handicapped but not beaten. Goodwill believes that nothing should be wasted. Nothing material. Nothing human.

The program goes like this: Out of each Goodwill station go hundreds of big cloth bags, into private homes, offices, shops, any place where there may be something that someone does not want. Old coats or shoes or furniture or rags or paper or books or dolls with chipped noses or toys that have broken down and been discarded. These bags are collected regularly by a fleet of Goodwill trucks; the material is sorted, repainted or repaired, and sold. Those who do the repairing are ones who can find no place for themselves in a world that thinks they are too old.

A man with a deep tubercular cough comes in to shop in a Goodwill store with his wife; she buys the cheapest dress in the place. The superintendent sizes

them up at a glance: they are a cultured old couple near the bitter end. Before they leave the store the man is offered a job. It isn't much—he is to number tags on a truck, for fifty cents a day. But he has made just one dollar in the past six months. The wife gets a job, too, sorting clothes in the shop. The next Sunday they are both in church; they drop into the plate an envelope containing a dollar and a half, their ten per cent tithe on the first week's salary for both of them. Yes, the story is true—and stranger than fiction.

Two men sit side by side at the morning chapel service. Both have suffered financial and physical breakdowns. One drives a Goodwill truck; the other, who had once counted his wealth in six figures, now works for twenty-four dollars a week. Together they sing:

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast. . . .

Near them is an old man who might be taken for Longfellow. His job is to rebuild desks. He came to Goodwill from a furniture company where he had worked for years, until he grew "too old and too slow." Next to him is a woman, younger. Eighteen months ago her husband, an electrician, was burned into a useless cripple by just another industrial accident; they had three children, a small savings account

that melted rapidly. Beside her is an epileptic who is being given special treatments by a Goodwill physician (the Chicago Goodwill has a regular staff of physicians specializing in occupational therapy, giving their time free). Next to him, another man, in his forties, college bred and temporarily "on the rocks"; tomorrow he goes to a good job with an advertising firm. Goodwill has reclaimed him.

The fact that this last man is only forty is interesting: it suggests that the work of Goodwill is not entirely with men and women of older years. There is Pete, who is a lot less than forty. Pete came into a Goodwill store one morning to buy a coat. The superintendent heard him shout: "What! A dollar and a half for that coat? You're a bunch of robbers." He started for the door; the superintendent stopped him: "Just a minute. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, there is," stormed Pete. "You can tell me why a perfectly decent young American has to go around in rags, and why he can't get a coat even from Goodwill for less than a dollar and a half. I don't want charity. I just want a chance." He got it. He got a chance to earn that coat; he put it on and looked at himself in the mirror.

"It fits better when you work for it," said Pete. His face was serious. "This is the first job I've had in months. That's all we young fellows want—a chance

to earn our own way. You're giving us that, in Goodwill." (Note: Pete is still with Goodwill, and he has a home of his own, instead of a park bench.)

Vance (twenty-three) held up a filling-station. Don't blame him for that until you hear his story. His father was a drunkard and a gambler. His mother was not exactly a good mother. Vance had to quit school early and go to work; his boy's wages were not enough to keep the family together, especially when his father drank up a good share of what he earned. Desperate, he got a gun and held up the gas station. For that he got ten months in the reformatory.

The Goodwill representative visited him there, got him a parole and turned him over to the foreman in a Goodwill plant. The surly, resentful boy, with a job to do, turned out to be a willing worker; he went to Sunday school and joined the church. In jail he had directed the band; at Goodwill he organized an orchestra now known all over the city. No one thinks of him as an ex-convict; he is just a local boy who has made good. Soon he will go out into industry, to a better paying job.

Jack had a drinking father, too; the money that should have gone for fuel was spent for whiskey, and young Jack went out to the railroad yards to pick up coal along the tracks. One day he was hit by a shifting engine, and in the hospital they took off his right leg.

What chance does a one-legged boy have in a world full of healthy, two-legged men? A boy in his teens, he told himself that he was "licked."

Just as part of his routine, he dropped in at a Goodwill station and asked for a job he never thought he'd get. "Don't care what it is. I'll do anything." He said it with his chin down, and he had already started for the door when the superintendent surprised him with: "Sure. We've got a job for you. Come on." They walked through the plant to the toy shop. Toys! Toys he never had when he was a child. He loved them. He went to work, repairing, gluing, painting. He sent them hither and yon to poverty-stricken families with whom toys were as much of a luxury as beefsteak. He felt like Santa Claus all the year round. He was contributing to the happiness of the world! Today he has a Goodwill artificial limb. He laughs, he sings. He is a rebuilt boy, rebuilding toys that make underprivileged youngsters such as he once was laugh and sing. At eighteen, he has become an expert with the jig-saw, and a toy manufacturer has his eye on him.

Bob thought he had tuberculosis. He had no money for a private sanitarium, and he was too proud to go to the state hospital. So he took a chance and asked Goodwill for help. Goodwill sent him out to one of its farms in the country; he did the lightest of work, got plenty of fresh milk and good food and rest. He

came back to the city a healthy man—in mind as well as in body. There are many such farms. Rural Goodwill Industries are opening all over the country. They are homes for men and women, country rescue missions for the alcoholic, the tubercular and the homeless.

Last year alone, Goodwill put to work nearly fifty thousand people and paid out more than two million dollars in wages. What the fifty thousand might have done without that job at the Industries is hard to know.

A sad-eyed man picking fruit with his family in the Sacramento Valley writes the story of his past ten years like this:

1927—Made \$7,000 as a Texas cotton farmer.

1928—Broke even.

1929—Went in the hole.

1930—Went deeper.

1931—Lost everything.

1932—Hit the road.

1933-1938—Working as a "fruit tramp."

There are two million Americans who could write exactly the same story in exactly the same words. They are a brand new race. We call them the migrants.

Of course, there have been migrant workers before in this country. Twenty years ago they were immigrants—Mexicans, Italians, Filipinos. But now many races and conditions are represented: Europeans, Asiatics, Latin Americans, Negroes, Anglo-Saxons, fam-

ilies of every nationality who have lost their farms and "hit the road." They are dust bowl refugees, victims of blight, freeze, flood, insects; some are once well-to-do farmers who have seen their precious earth vanish beneath their feet in the ravages of Southern soil erosion, or their cotton burn out of the ground, or shifting winds bury their farm tools inches deep in dust. In one migrant camp there was a trained nurse, a railroad man, a fireman, a clerk, a plumber—all without hope of ever being anything but migrants.

Two million migrants on the march! They hitch-hike; they buy a junk-yard automobile for ten or twenty dollars, tie a stove and a pile of blankets on the running-board and a mattress and a lantern on behind, and start for anywhere. They roam from New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania to Arkansas, Texas, Florida, Oregon, California. They follow the crops. They live in temporary shacks that would make good chicken coops, or they pitch their tents in irrigation ditches and river bottoms. They are without order, health or hope, "a crazy quilt stretched out on a carpet of rubbish and debris," as one reporter has it. Said one such squatter: "Livin' a bum's life soon makes a bum out of you. You get started and you can't stop."

Mothers take their babies into the fields with them while they work. Four year olds have been known to help harvest a strawberry crop. From one hundred to

five hundred children under sixteen years of age have worked at once in the Gulf Coast fish canneries. A Mississippi newspaper man found small children helping as shrimp pickers from 4:00 A. M. to 6:00 P. M.; said one of them: "I'd as soon be a shrimp as a shrimp picker." Of thirty children examined in one migrant camp in Tulare County, California, twenty-seven were found defective through malnutrition. In another camp twenty-one out of twenty-two infants were undernourished and sick. In Kings, Kern and Imperial counties children have been dying at the rate of one and two a day. In Tulare ninety per cent of the mortality is among migrant children.

They starve that we may eat! They work knee-deep in growing food, the food we eat, surrounded by a sea of it, yet they are hungry, sick and despairing.

The Council of Women for Home Missions considered this and decided that it was a missionary responsibility. Said the Council in 1920: "Experienced Christian workers must follow and minister to varied groups"—and a new home mission project was under way.

Into the Eastern states—New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania—went a young supervisor to survey the ground and devise a program. She came back to suggest that the Council set up "migrant centers" in each of the eight labor camps in the four states.

The workers were on the job by the summer of 1920. Three young college women arrived in each camp, with no experience but with a lot of nerve and with their eyes wide open. They asked only a shelter to live in, and they got it. It may have been a deserted shack or an old barn, but with a little paint and whitewash and a few tables and chairs, it was enough.

They specialized in babies and children. The working mothers left their children in the center in the morning on their way to work; the tots were bathed, fed, given fresh clothing and put to sleep in a bassinet and covered with mosquito netting that their mothers couldn't afford. It meant so much to the mothers that before they would move into a new camp, they fell into the habit of asking, "Will there be a center in your camp for the babies?" They liked especially the good food the babies ate, the fresh clothes, the grace said by the older children as they sat down to lunch, and the story hour.

For four years the Council worked only in the East; then Oregon heard about it. Now in Oregon, the camps are widely scattered, two hundred miles or so apart. It meant that the Council workers would have to keep moving. So a new program was developed. Cooperating with county and city health and school authorities, the Red Cross, and the Hood River Apple Growers Association, a series of Kiddie Kamps were

organized all over the state. The Council did the arranging and left others to keep the program moving; the organizers commuted between the camps, supervising, helping, supplying enthusiasm and materials.

California's camps are even more scattered than Oregon's, and the center program is even more impracticable. The Council workers live on wheels, moving as the migrants move, with the crop seasons. California's camps shelter thousands, to hundreds in the East, and this means that the health problem comes first, and that the demand for nurses is imperative. Council nurses have been sent; they are trained in medicine and in religious education as well. The first one went as an experiment. It was but a matter of weeks before she begged for another, and another and another. Their numbers are still increasing.

This nurse had to beg her way in at first. The growers said, "We're losing money now. We can't stand any more expense in helping you." The school teachers said, "We are opposed to any religion in school work." The churches said, "We have our hands full serving our own people." But before the first season was over, the growers and the teachers and the churches were all cooperating; the value of this nurse, to all of them, couldn't be reckoned in dollars and cents. She had become, says Miss Edith E. Lowry of the Council, "counselor and guide to the migrant

mother, follow-up worker to the doctor and the county nurse, assistant to the truant officer, playfellow and Sunday school teacher to the children, consultant to the camp boss and comforter to families in tragedy."

Here is the report of a group of nurses serving twenty camps, for one month:

New health calls	217
Old health calls	330
New treatments	179
Old treatments	82
Patients advised	115
Other calls	85
Conferences with growers	105
Conferences with doctors	17
Approximate mileage	1700 miles

Farmers in New York state plugged up the leaks in the roof of an old farmhouse and gave it to the Council for a center; it went so well there that the next summer three other New York camps asked for workers. In Arkansas these missionaries are busy among ten thousand strawberry pickers. In Texas, in the sugar beet fields of Colorado and Michigan, on the onion marshes of Ohio the Council has its representatives. A young Yale Divinity student was sent down to the tobacco fields of Kentucky. He preached no sermons. He organized baseball teams for men and boys and girls; he arranged games of horseshoes, swimming parties, picnics. Even the foremen, who were suspicious

at first that he was just another investigator, learned to play after hours. It is five years since the student started work, and there are now eighteen more play leaders working full time on ten plantations.

Results of the Council program are not hard to find. It has produced a clean-up of living conditions, a healthier and a happier migrant, who feels that he is not completely lost, after all. In Delaware the canners themselves have introduced a bill into the state legislature raising the work age of cannery children from twelve to fourteen years. Perhaps the finest result is that the whole American church has become migrant conscious. That may mean a great deal.

When we think of Pennsylvania we think of coal. And of coal miners: the grim and grimy men who work without the blessing of the sun. They have been unusually grim of late, for the coal industry is in a state of chaos and the man who suffers most is always the one at the bottom: the man in the mine.

Most of them grew up in the mines; they know no other livelihood. So when they find themselves suddenly thrown out of work, they are desperately handicapped. The American Friends' Service Committee studied the plight of the Pennsylvania coal miner and offered a helping hand.

In Fayette County, near Republic, the Friends

bought two hundred acres of land. On it they settled fifty miners' families. Families, for the most part, of unemployed or partially employed men. The tract was laid out in home sites averaging about one and one-half acres each and an arrangement was drawn up whereby each homesteader leased his site for a period of twenty years; he borrowed two thousand dollars at two per cent and promised to pay it back at the rate of ten dollars a month.

The homesteaders constructed their own houses, training themselves while they did it in carpentry, masonry, or as plumbers and electricians. They planted their own gardens and learned thus the rudiments of farming. This had two advantages. If the mines slowed down, the miner still had a home for his family. If they closed down for good, he was trained to take up another occupation. It turned out to be one of the most far-sighted projects in human rehabilitation developed since the depression began.

Even more significant is the work of the Friends' Work Camp Committee. Last summer this committee sent 178 young college students into six volunteer work camps to study rural and industrial reconstruction on the field. The students worked from six to eight hours a day building houses, digging ditches, laying water lines and peeling potatoes as "kitchen police." They lived in simple quarters and studied

the economic and social problems of the particular area to which they were assigned.

Down in the Tennessee Valley forty-one collegians built a fish-rearing pool as part of the TVA project for stocking Norris Lake. Sixteen others went to the famous Delta Cooperative Farm in Mississippi, to study the break-up of the cotton tenancy system and to plan against the trouble that is sure to follow it. Forty students in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, built a stock barn and a house and water line, opened up a big stone quarry and spent their evenings discussing what was happening in the soft coal industry. Eleven in Philadelphia renovated an old settlement house; twenty Friends, Brethren and Mennonites cooperated in reroofing and repainting the buildings at the Tunesassa Indian School at Quaker Ridge, New York, and then sat down to discuss ways and means of joining the peace activities of the three churches.

Such groups are wise. With a program like this, they offer a relief that is intelligent and comprehensive. It aids in an emergency, and it helps youth to plan against the next one. This is preventive and not remedial.

When the depression struck Montana it caught a lot of wheat and cattle farmers; when prices hit bottom they couldn't get enough for their wheat and

their steers to pay for shipping them to market! That meant that the whole country was in for some suffering. Now there is a little home mission church in one section serving a territory bigger than the state of Connecticut. The members struggled valiantly to keep their church going. But times grew worse instead of better, and at last there was no money and no prospects of getting any to pay the preacher. Farmers could at least raise their own food, but how about a minister? So when conference time came around, a committee of members attended, and spoke reluctantly to the district superintendent:

"You'll just have to let us get along without a pastor for a year or so."

The preacher spoke up: "If you men are going to stay in this valley, I am, too. If you haven't any money, then I don't want any either. The only thing I've ever asked for is a reasonable support for my family. Our clothes will last another year. We have vegetables and canned goods. Now if we just had a cow to provide milk and butter for the children, we'd be all right."

They told him it would be easy to get another, maybe a better, job; he was a college man. He shook his head. All he wanted was a cow.

"Well," said one rancher, "I've got thirteen cows out at my ranch. You're welcome to the whole lot."

"One will be enough," the preacher said, and one was all he would take.

So a cow kept the church open for another year. Or was it the preacher who wouldn't quit? The church is full of men just like him. They do their bit in their own parishes, and let the influence of their work spread as it will, to the ends of the earth. For what you do at home has its effect abroad.

But suppose we leave that to the last chapter. . . .

XI: The March Goes On

A FUNNY thing happened at Camp Dix during the war. A company of recruits was drilling on the parade ground; one squad had a hard time learning to keep step. The drill sergeant got mad about it, and told the eight men in the squad to "watch your feet and count out loud." They did. When the company was commanded to do a "squads left" they did a "squads right"; the awkward ones were counting so loud that they couldn't hear the command, and they marched off from the rest of the company, all alone, shouting "one-two-three-four." They wound up at the other end of the parade ground, all by themselves. The sergeant blew up, and the company had a good laugh.

Now something like that will happen to us in the church if we don't watch out. The trouble with most of us is that when we think of "the church" we think of the building on Main Street in which we worship and go to Sunday school. Of the First Presbyterian Church, or the Second Baptist. We become so concerned with the problems of that one institution that we forget all the others; we forget that we are just

one "squad" in the great "company" of churches all over the world, and that we should "keep step" with them. We drop our eyes to watch our own feet, and we lose sight of the wide horizons that John Wesley had in mind when he said, "The world is my parish."

And that is particularly true when we think of missions. It is a trap into which this writer has fallen unconsciously in this book. We have talked only of home missions here; we have broken home missions up into little units—Orientals, Mexicans, Negroes, and other groups—in order to tell the story of what is happening right here at home. But the whole meaning and purpose of the book will be lost if we have narrowed down the vision of the reader just to the home field, and if we fail to show the larger meaning of missions.

Recently we heard a speaker say, "I'd like to get my hands on the man who invented the term, 'foreign missions.' There isn't any such thing." He was right. Strictly speaking, you can't make such a division of missions, for all Christianity, everywhere, is a mission. Your own local church is just as much a mission as a young church in China, your preacher is just as much a missionary as the minister who is preaching in a grass hut in the deepest jungle of Africa. To the founder of Christianity there were no "foreigners"; they were all one, all the children of one common God.

So it is with the business of preaching the gospel; it is a universal, world-inclusive job; it cannot possibly be done in spots, now here and now there. Missions is one great picture, not two separate ones.

We said in the first chapter, "This Christianity is either international or it is nothing." We dare not think of it as something local, as something confined to the little church on Main Street, for in the kind of world in which we are living, it would soon die if we let that happen. We are not an isolated nation, but one of a great family. Everything that one country does today has its effect and its influence on other lands. Mahatma Gandhi, leading his people toward national independence, boycotts foreign cloth, and the cotton mills of Britain feel it. A dictator discriminates against one group; its fate becomes a matter of personal concern to millions in other lands who must seek ways to express their sympathy and help. From international trade rivalries great boycotts spring up, jump oceans, and affect widely separated peoples. Disease germs have no regard for national boundaries; the farmer in Illinois suffers from a crop blight that came from across the sea.

So no nation, no people, is independent any more; we are all interdependent. We can no longer be self-sufficient, as the Puritans were in old New England. It took John Eliot more than two months to come

across the Atlantic, but in 1938 the British Imperial Airways seaplane *Mercury* completed a non-stop east-to-west flight from Foynes, Ireland, to Montreal, over the same Atlantic, in just twenty hours, nineteen minutes. Russia probably seemed a long way off to our forefathers; it is closer to us since those Soviet airmen in July of 1937 dropped down in a California field after a 6,262-mile flight across the Pole. This is, indeed, a shrinking world.

We don't dare exist by ourselves. We must learn to live in peace together, if the world is to go on. And the best way is for all of us to live together as Christians. To do that we must take Christianity everywhere. Yes, Christianity—and Christian missions—must be international. They must have no unexplored frontiers.

That word, frontier, has almost passed out of our dictionaries. We hear a lot of people saying there is no such thing; that the last frontier has been conquered. Admiral Byrd has won the wastelands of the polar South; men cross the Sahara in automobiles; there are highways in African jungles. What more is there to do? Many of the younger generation are asking that question. If you will read a book called *Possession*, by Louis Bromfield, you will find one of his young characters saying, "My grandfather came into this wilderness to conquer it and subdue it. It was a land

filled with savages and adventure. I, too, must have my chance. I am of a race of pioneers, *but I have no frontier.*"

Hasn't he? Haven't you? Has the last frontier been reached, and are you left with nothing better to do than sit and weep, as Alexander wept, that there are no more worlds for you to conquer? If you feel that way about it, you are as wrong—and as useless—as dead Alexander. All about you, crowding you, are vast unconquered frontiers waiting to test your adventurous spirit and your Christian courage. It hasn't all been done. Fine as are the triumphs of missions, and proud as we are of them, yet, if truth be known, we have scarcely more than begun. If we have any red blood in our veins, we are challenged more by what waits to be done than by what *has* been done.

You live in the city? There are children there, thousands, perhaps even millions of them. In one great American city alone there are 500,000 children having almost no contact with a church, Roman Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant. In the United States there are some 37,000,000 children, of whom fewer than one-half receive any systematic religious instruction. While our Jewish youngsters get on the average 335 hours a year of religious instruction, and the Roman Catholic 200 hours, the Protestant child gets about 50 hours a year! And one-half of our young Protestant popula-

tion get no instruction at all. That is appalling. It is not enough to give a child a public school education and teach him that two and two make four; there are multitudes of men in prison who can do that! He needs a good heart as well as a good mind—and that's where the church, perhaps your church, comes in.

Walk down the street. On one corner you meet a group of young Americans whose parents were born abroad. They prefer the street to the home; they are Americans, and their parents are not, and the two points of view get into conflict. Many of these young people, without the benefit of parental understanding and guidance, have a habit of getting into trouble. How much of the juvenile delinquency of your city or town is due to this? Do you know? Could you find out? Could you help lower that delinquency by arranging a program aimed at the second-generation children of the foreign born? Is there a room in your church they could use as a club room?

On the next corner is a little knot of men. Unemployed men. Discouraged and sometimes demoralized men, with their hands in their empty pockets and their heads hanging. It may be their fault that they are like this, and it may not; either way, here they are, badly in need of help and a chance to help themselves. Could your church do something about the men on your corner, or must it all be left to the charity office?

The charity office can give a man a new suit, but it takes a church to give him a new outlook.

Go out in the square, where the agitators and the soap-boxers gather; here are Communists, Nazis, Fascists, all painting gloriously colored pictures of their various Utopias and finding ready listeners in the hungry and the unemployed. Against these isms, of which we hear so much today, the church must offer the more constructive and consistent way of Jesus Christ. Make up your minds to this: we are never going to overcome the Nazi or the Communist or the Fascist in this country by calling out the police to arrest him or the National Guard to shoot him down. We will answer him only by studying those underlying causes of social and economic unrest which give him his chance; by a careful and intelligent comparison of his methods and principles with the methods and principles of Jesus Christ and Christianity. You can help, in your church, by discussing, analyzing, informing. . . .

There are foreign groups in your city. Thousands of them. Men, women, and children; homesick, heart-sick, alone. They have difficulty speaking the language, getting jobs, making enough to live on. There are high-born Russians washing dishes in restaurants, German scholars sweeping the streets. You probably have your quota of European refugees—of pitiful,

penniless, innocent Jews or "non-Aryan" Christian refugees who bear on their bodies and on their souls the awful scars of Nazi persecution. It will all go down in history as the most horrible phase of our twentieth century civilization; never has modern man been so sickened as he is at sight of the ever increasing parade of the world's oppressed. And never before in the history of our country have we had such a chance to minister to them. A start has been made; the Quakers have their refugee home on the Hudson, other denominations are doing their part and doing it well. The clergymen of America are aroused. But have you thought of what you might do?

Are there American boys and girls of Oriental parentage in your community? What do you know of them, of their problems, of what they can give you? Jobs are difficult to get today for any young person. Think what it means to try to earn a living, handicapped by a vicious prejudice against the color of your skin. Is there something you can do in this situation? What might your encouragement and friendship mean to young people of Oriental ancestry?

You live in the country? More than three million people have moved from the city to rural sections in the last three years; they have created numberless new frontiers. Many of the newcomers are the innocent victims of economic upset; they are trying to reestab-

lish themselves, to get a second start. Over the hill from your country church there may be a broken family in an abandoned farmhouse; down the road there may be a man on relief, trying his best to cultivate a subsistence garden with his unskilled city hands. Who is helping them?

You live in rural Idaho, Colorado, Washington, or Oregon? Three-fourths of the 807,000 population of the dry-farming areas of these states are living without the church. You live in the cut-over regions of Minnesota, Michigan, northern Wisconsin? The majority of the people here are without a religious ministry. If you don't live here, you might help support a home missionary who does. You live in California, Florida, or near the cranberry bogs of New Jersey? What do you know of the plight of the migrant workers in these states? What do you know of their hunger, their ill-health and undernourishment, of how they live and labor and die? All that concerns the neighborhood in which you live, vitally. Do you know of the struggle for survival in the dust bowl—in Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Texas? What about the fight against loneliness, illiteracy, and poverty carried on by the Mexicans and the Spanish-speaking people of the arid Southwest? Do you know what drought has done to the Dakotas, what soil erosion has meant to the Southerner and the South, industrial chaos to

the East? Do you know what a hard time Christianity is having against all that? What a difficult task it is to make America Christian in the face of it?

You live in the South? Think of what is happening in your Southern mountains! Do you know of any more thrilling adventure in the world than the daily life of the doctor in these hills? Or the everyday adventure of the home missions nurse and teacher? Where could you better put your money or your life? You live out West? There may be an Indian reservation near by. What a chance to get acquainted with the young people and to help foster the understanding and sympathy which will bring the two races closer! Or if you can't know them personally, why not help young Indians with a scholarship fund?

Consider the challenge of the American Negro, of the 54,000 coal mining Negroes in Alabama, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, whose families are systematically exploited, whose poverty brings unrest, whose enforced leisure is a sickening sight. Have you studied the case of the Negro tenant farmer and sharecropper who has served a whole lifetime under King Cotton and been paid off with poverty, pellagra, and despair? Have you considered the city Negro, North and South, crowded as he is into his undesirable living quarters, robbed of his ambition by white discrimination and inoculated with the deadly poison of

apathy? Twenty thousand Negro boys and girls come yearly out of our schools and colleges and find no employment open to them; they need desperately the helping hand of the Christian church. The morale of thirteen million Negro Americans, one-tenth of our population, is threatened. There are things you can do about that.

Or it may be that you dream of some romantic island in the sea? All right, go! Go to Puerto Rico, that enchanted island so lovely that someone has called it "the land-that-is-next-door-to-heaven." Puerto Rico is Exhibit A in missions; great things have been accomplished here. Yet how much waits to be done! It is said that half a million people in Puerto Rico are "born hungry, live hungry and die hungry." It is the most overcrowded island in the world and there is bitter poverty under the palms. You might find adventure there, fighting hunger, among laborers who make \$135 to \$269 a year and spend ninety-four per cent of it for the absolute necessities, food and clothes. Go if you can. And if you can't go, do your part to make it what it should be—a paradise.

And there's always Alaska! How much in the headlines is this North country! Here went Byrd, the Soviet ice-breaker, and the Lindberghs flying north to the Orient. But how *little* in the headlines is the challenge of the new population that is sweeping into

Alaska. The poor, the destitute, the homesteaders, the fugitives from the chain gangs of American industry who come here on the hunt for a decent existence and a second chance. From Seward to Unalaska it is a cold thousand miles; in that distance you will find just two Protestant churches. One community depends on the services of the nearest doctor who is just three hundred miles away! The little town of Unga has four hundred people; it had no regular Sunday school nor other religious service for forty years! You want to make your life count? You want to break new ground for God? Try Alaska!

No frontiers? No more far horizons to be explored? We have gone over the Poles in airplanes and penetrated the furthest jungle and desert with automobile and movie camera. But let's forget all that, for a moment. The new frontiers are no longer physical and geographical. They are the frontiers of human adjustments.

Here we are, all of us, huddled together on this flying island in the sky which men call the earth. Here we are, all kinds and manner and conditions of men. We must live together as best we can. We are so crowded that no nation can any longer live by itself in absolute independence; the world is interdependent. No one can doubt that. Neither can anyone doubt that we are even more interdependent within our own

nations. You can't get away from it: the condition of the worst of us has its impact on all the rest.

It isn't intelligent to starve the migrant worker in our midst; for with all these millions of them on the road, who is secure and who is "well off"? His standard of living jeopardizes ours! It is neither good sense, good sociology nor good Christianity to crowd the poor into the slums and stay away from them; that makes the slum a festering place for discontent and social disease that may easily break out uptown. Every ill-housed, unhealthy, underfed, underpaid, underprivileged and undereducated man or woman or child in the street is just so much walking human dynamite. And we have an obligation laid upon us by the Master to see that they get their chance at his way of life, a chance to enjoy his unsearchable riches. We have no right to leave them desolate.

We have been insisting, in this chapter, that Christianity is either international or it is nothing. It cannot be said too often. Christianity is a cycle, or a great circle. We are only a part of that ever growing circle of Christian endeavour. When we work to make America Christian we are really seeking to make the whole world Christian; we are contributing our bit to a tidal wave that rolls across the world.

Do you need proof of that? Then think of that Chinese boy, picked up by the San Francisco home

missionary, who went back to China to spread the Good News. Think of that Negro boy named Aggrey, born on the Gold Coast of Africa, who became a world famous Christian, inspiring the white race as well as the black. Think of Kagawa, called by some the greatest Christian of the age; what if he had never heard of Christ? You see, there is no telling where this thing will stop, or where it may not penetrate, once you have started it. The gospel spreads out in a world-wide circle, and so it never ends!

Because it works in a circle, we miss the thought that there are still frontiers. We are always longing to move out of the circle, to find some far-off, unexplored spot where things are new and strange. Those spots, as we have said, are becoming fewer and fewer; but that does not mean that the last frontier is gone. The frontiers now are within the circle! Our forefather-missionaries went out to the great unknown areas, to the far-flung lands of India, China, Africa. But now we must cover again and again the ground they found for us, clinching the victories they won, lifting and strengthening the faith of those who are no longer far away, but close to our very doors, right on our own doorsteps.

No frontiers? The world-circle is full of them. And we dare not rest until we have met their challenge. Dr. T. Z. Koo of China put it in a nutshell at the

recent meeting of the International Missionary Council at Madras: "The church is the universal fellowship of Christians. Therefore it has the inescapable task of achieving international order."

There you have it. In all this sick, warring, fear-struck world the only common bond left is that of Christian fellowship. We must strengthen that bond. We must make of it the solid foundation of international understanding and brotherhood on which a better world may be built. That better world is our frontier! We can build it only by joining our Christian effort with the effort of other Christian people, everywhere. And we can do that best by starting "right here at home," by letting our influence spread with theirs, in the never-ending circle, to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Reading List

Reading List

THE following brief list cites only a few of the many books available on the several topics treated in this volume. Full bibliographies on the respective subjects are to be found in a number of the titles included here. Leaders of study groups using *Right Here at Home* as a basis of discussion will wish to secure a pamphlet entitled "A Course for Young People and Seniors on Christian Missions in America," by John Irwin, which is issued by the publishers of this volume and is available from denominational literature headquarters for 25 cents.

General and Historical

CHRISTIAN YOUTH IN ACTION. Frank W. Herriott. New York, Friendship Press, 1935. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.

GOD AND THE CENSUS. Robert N. McLean. New York, Friendship Press, 1931. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

HOMELAND HARVEST. Arthur H. Limouze. New York, Friendship Press, 1939. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.

HOME MISSIONS TODAY AND TOMORROW. Hermann N. Morse, editor. New York, Home Missions Council, 1934. Cloth, \$2.00; paper, 75 cents.

SPANNING A CONTINENT. John R. Scotford. New York, Friendship Press, 1939. Paper, 25 cents.

- STORY OF MISSIONS, THE. Edwin E. White. New York, Friendship Press, 1926. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.
- THEY CAME SEEKING. Coe S. Hayne. Philadelphia, Judson Press, 1935. \$1.00.
- TOWARD A CHRISTIAN AMERICA. Hermann N. Morse. New York, Friendship Press, 1935. Cloth, \$1.00.

The City

- AMERICAN CITY AND ITS CHURCH, THE. Samuel C. Kincheloe. New York, Friendship Press, 1938. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.
- CITY MAN. Charles Hatch Sears. Special paper edition, Friendship Press, 1938. 75 cents.
- CITY SHADOWS. Robert W. Searle. New York, Friendship Press, 1938. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.
- URBAN SCENE. Margueritte Harmon Bro. New York, Friendship Press, 1938. 25 cents.

Rural Life

- CHRIST OF THE COUNTRYSIDE. Malcolm Dana. Nashville, Cokesbury Press, 1937. \$1.00.
- CHRISTIAN ENTERPRISE AMONG RURAL PEOPLE, THE. Kenyon L. Butterfield. Nashville, Cokesbury Press, 1928. \$1.50.
- CHURCH AND THE AGRICULTURAL SITUATION, THE. Addresses and reports of a National Conference on the Rural Church, held in Ames, Iowa, 1936. New York, Home Missions Council, 1937. 50 cents.
- REBUILDING RURAL AMERICA. Mark A. Dawber. New York, Friendship Press, 1937. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.

RICH LAND, POOR LAND. Stuart Chase. New York, McGraw-Hill Book Co., 1936. \$2.50.

Southern Mountains

CABINS IN THE LAUREL. Muriel Earley Sheppard. Chapel Hill, University of North Carolina Press, 1935. \$3.00.

HIGHLAND HERITAGE. Edwin E. White. New York, Friendship Press, 1937. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.

LAND OF SADDLE-BAGS, THE. James Watt Raine. New York, Friendship Press, 1924. (Out of print.)

RELIGION IN THE HIGHLANDS. Elizabeth R. Hooker. New York, Home Missions Council, 1933. Paper, 75 cents.

The Negro in America

BROWN AMERICA. Edwin R. Embree. New York, Special Friendship Press edition, 1937. \$1.25.

NEGRO AMERICANS, WHAT NOW? James Weldon Johnson. New York, Viking Press, 1934. \$1.25.

PREFACE TO RACIAL UNDERSTANDING, A. Charles S. Johnson. New York, Friendship Press, 1937. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.

STORY OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO, THE. Ina Corinne Brown. New York, Friendship Press, 1937. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.

TWELVE NEGRO AMERICANS. Mary Jenness. New York, Friendship Press, 1937. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.

The American Indian

AMERICAN INDIAN AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONS, THE. George W. Hinman. New York, Fleming H. Revell Co., 1933. \$1.50.

Right Here at Home

FACING THE FUTURE IN INDIAN MISSIONS. Lewis Meriam and George W. Hinman. New York, Friendship Press, 1937. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.

INDIAN AMERICANS. Winifred Hulbert. New York, Friendship Press, 1932. (Out of print.)

STORY OF THE RED MAN, THE. Flora W. Seymour. New York, Longmans, Green and Co., 1929. \$5.00.

The Mexican

FROM OVER THE BORDER. Vernon M. McCombs. New York, Friendship Press, 1925. (Out of print.)

MEXICAN IN THE UNITED STATES, THE. E. S. Bogardus. Berkeley, University of Southern California Press, 1934. Cloth, \$1.60; paper, \$1.25.

THAT MEXICAN! Robert N. McLean. New York, Fleming H. Revell Co., 1928. \$2.00.

The Oriental in America

GOLD MOUNTAIN. Philip E. Payne. New York, Friendship Press, 1934. (Out of print.)

ORIENTALS IN AMERICAN LIFE. Albert W. Palmer. New York, Friendship Press, 1934. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.

OUT OF THE FAR EAST. Allan A. Hunter. New York, Friendship Press, 1934. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.

RESIDENT ORIENTALS ON THE PACIFIC COAST. Eliot Grinnell Mears. University of Chicago Press, 1928. \$3.00.

The Outposts

ALASKAN ADVENTURES. L. Wirt. New York, Fleming H. Revell Co., 1937. \$1.50.

- BETWEEN THE AMERICAS.** Jay S. Stowell. New York, Friendship Press, 1930. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.
- TRAILING THE CONQUISTADORES.** Samuel Guy Inman. New York, Friendship Press, 1931. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60 cents.
- UNCLE SAM'S ATTIC.** M. L. Davis. Boston, W. A. Wilde Co., 1930. \$3.50.

The World of Work

- CHRISTIANITY AND INDUSTRY IN AMERICA.** Alva W. Taylor. New York, Friendship Press, 1933. (Out of print.)
- HOW FARE AMERICAN YOUTH?** Homer P. Rainey and others. Report to American Youth Commission of the American Council on Education. New York, D. Appleton-Century Co., 1937. \$1.50.
- MACHINE AGE IN THE HILLS.** Malcolm Ross. New York, The Macmillan Co., 1933. \$2.00.
- PIONEERING IN MODERN CITY MISSIONS.** E. J. Helms. Boston, Morgan Memorial Goodwill Press, 1927. Boards, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.
- THEY STARVE THAT WE MAY EAT.** Edith E. Lowry. New York, Friendship Press, 1937. 35 cents.
- WE, TOO, ARE THE PEOPLE.** L. V. Armstrong. Boston, Little, Brown and Co., 1938. \$3.00.
- YOU HAVE SEEN THEIR FACES.** Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White. New York, Viking Press, 1937. \$5.00. Special edition, New York, Modern Age Books, Inc., 1937. Paper, 75 cents.

BV
2765
.M48

1318367

Mead

Right here at home.

APR 7 1957

JUN 10 1957

JUN 10 1957

Jane Kelley
5649 Woodlawn
N. Spaulding
John Fack

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY



11 363 809

BV 2765

1318367

.M48

SWIFT HALL LIBRARY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY



11 363 809

